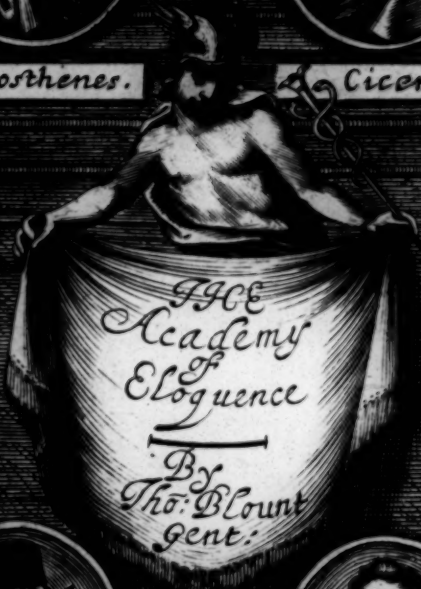




*Demosthenes.*



*Cicero.*



*Fr: Lo: Bacon.*



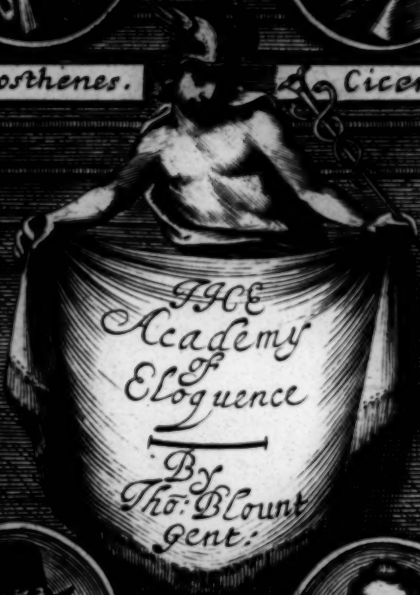
*S<sup>r</sup>: Ph: Sidney.*



*Demosthenes.*



*Cicero.*



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*S<sup>r</sup>: Ph: Sidney.*



THE  
ACADEMY  
OF  
ELOQUENCE:

Containing a Compleat  
ENGLISH RHETORIQUE,  
Exemplified;

*Common Places and Formula's digested  
into an easie and Methodical way to speak  
and write fluently, according to the  
Mode of the present Times:*

WITH  
LETTERS both { AMOROUS  
and  
{ MORALL,

Upon emergent occasions.

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By T. B. of the Inner Temple.

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The third Edition, with Additions.

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Henry CICERO, Nicholas  
*Et Hominis decus est ingenium:  
Sic ingenii lumen est Eloquentia.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by H. L. for Anne Moseley, at the Prince's  
Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1663.

A CATHARTIC

ELUCIDATED

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information of the medicinal  
uses of the cathartic  
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human system.

LETTERS TO  
MORRIS

By T. A. de la Roche, M.D.

The third Edition, with Additions.

PHILADELPHIA



TO THE  
L A D I E S  
AND  
G E N T L E M E N  
OF  
E N G L A N D.



Ere it absolutely necessary for him that should write of Eloquence to be perfectly Eloquent, I would easily confess my self too rash in this Enterprize: But having seen often those that knowingly of Painting, that never held Pencil; and Cicero remarking, that Aratus, by the common consent of learned men, wrote excellently of the Heavens and Stars, though he was no celebrated Astronomer; I'm encourag'd to say, Why then may not I too discourse of Eloquence, without being an Orator?

Galen that great Master of Physick, who wrote so learnedly of every part of that Science, was little seen in the Practick; Nor

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

are those, that discourse best of the embattailing Armies, and differencing military functions, alwayes the best Warriors, or the most daring. The like may happen in this subject, that he, who is able to set down the Rules and Lawes which ought to be observ'd in Speech or style, may notwithstanding finde himself defective in the application, and so may be said to give that to others, which he has not himself.

Eloquence is equally fortunate in taming Passions, and in charming senses: she imitates Musick, and makes use of the voice of Orators to enchant the Eares, with the cadence of Periods, and the harmony of Accents; whilst the gestures, apt Motions, Natural Aire, and all those graces which accompany exact Recitation steal away the heart by the eyes, and work wonders upon the will. But Eloquence is chiefly grounded upon Wisdom, and Wisdom arises principally from a due pre-consideration of all our actions; Hence that excellent saying of a modern French Author, *Il est impossible de bien dire, sans avoir bien pensé*, 'Tis impossible to speak well without having first well consider'd what to speak. And Plotinus says, 'Tis wisdom to think upon any thing, before we execute it.

Now, as 'tis certain no Harmony can appear in his thoughts, nor soundnesse in his reason, whose speech is faltering and propo-

rous:

## The Epistle Dedicatory

rous:—So likewise no cleernes nor perfection in that Fancie, which delivers it self by a confus'd abortion. Great is the disparagement which flows from the defailance of the Tongue: it not only dishonours the person of the Speaker, but even sullys the opinion of his reason and judgement with a disrepute, and oft-times renders the very truth suspected.

If then it so befall our verbal expressions, which are transient and less liable to censure, and where one handsom expression may excuse a number of solacismes: how shall that person be esteem'd prudent, whose pen layes him wide open in a fungous and sordid stile; how shall we expect ingenuity from him, whose leisure and Genius, assisted with the examen of his eyes, yield us no spirit in his writings? He that has worth in him and cannot express it, is a Cabinet keeping a rich Jewel, and the key lost; sayes a modern Author; Whereas a good stile, with choice matter and embroidery of well chosen words, is like a beautiful Woman with a virtuous Soul, who attracts the eyes and charmes the hearts of all beholders.

This excellent faculty of speech has been in high esteem even from the very infancy, and will be to the end, of the World; For in sacred Story Prov. 16 **2** we read, the wise in Heart shall be  
21, 24. **2** called prudent, and the sweetness of  
the

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

the lips encrease understanding: Pleasant words are as an honycomb; sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. Hence 'twas, an ancient *Autour* maintained, that *Pericles* (the *Orator*) was no less Tyrant in Athens then *Pylistratus*, without acknowledging other difference, then that this exercis'd his Empire armed, the other without armes, by the sole terrour of his speech, which *Aristophanes* compar'd to a thunder-bolt, as *Homer* did that of *Ulysses* to a Torrent that beates down all with its violence. And 'twas said of old, that the tongue of *Gyneas* (the fam'd Scholar of *Demosthenes*) conquer'd more Cities, then the sword of *Pyrchus*, the valiant King of *Epire*.

To have said thus much, of the much more might be added in behalf of this charming Faculty, and of the disadvantage commonly attending those who are unskill'd in it, may serve as an inducement to the youth of both Sexes (for whose benefit this little Work is chiefly intended, and to their acceptance consecrated) to make the perusal of it their subservient recreation for vacant houres; this with little study will not only facilitate your discourse into the modish language of these times but adapt your pens too with a quaint and fluent stile, then which no qualities (with confidence I speak it) can render you more accomplish'd.

Here shall you be furnish'd with all necessary  
mate.



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

materials and helps in order to the acquiring so great a treasure; such helps as have been advised and often wisht for, but never before published.

I. The first part contains a more exact English Rhetorique, then has been hitherto extant, comprehending all the most useful Figures, exemplifi'd out of the Arcadia and other our choicest Authors.

II. In the second, you have formulæ majores or Common-places, upon the most usual subjects for stile and speech: The use and advantage whereof is asserted by my Lord Bacon, who (in his Advancement of Learning) says thus; I hold the diligence and pain in collecting Common-places, to be of great use and certainty in studying, as, that which aides the memory, subministrs copy to invention, and contracts the sight of judgment to a strength.

III. In the third place you shall find Formulæ minores (as my Lord calls them) lesser Formes, which be then reckon'd among the defects in our Language, and says they are as it were, the Portals and postern-doors of stile and speech, and of no small use.

IV. Lastly, you have a Collection of Letters and Addresses written to, for, and by several persons upon emergent occasions; with some particular Instructions and Rules premised for the better attaining to a Per-perfection.

The



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

The Formula's are but Analeſts, which like the Humble-bee I gather'd in Spring-time out of the choiſeſt Flowers of our Engliſh Gardens; nor have I in the Rhetorick or Letters tranſplanted much from my own barren Seminary; I may ſay to ſome noble Correſpondents, what the Poet did of old in a like Caſe, Sic vos non vobis— But, you will eaſily diſtinguiſh Tinsel from better metal: what is mine will appear to be ſo, by the Bluntnesses that frequently occur; the reſt are of better alloy. So that if the defects of my own Eſſays be but pardoned, the reſt, I am confident, will abide the touch, and paſs for Sterling.

**The Blount.**

**E R R A T A.**

**P**age 4. line 1. read *diſſent* p. 5. l. 6. r. *deſert*. p. 13. l. 21. r. *ſood* out. p. 16. l. 19. r. *death* before *life*. p. 22. l. 24. r. *thoſe* ſleep. p. 23. l. 4. r. *thouſand*. p. 43. l. 14. r. *to be*. p. 45. l. 8. r. *of* *ſuch*. p. 55. l. 8. r. *many* way. p. 121. l. 20. r. *reſepay*. p. 125. l. 3. r. *wo* *leſe*. p. 126. l. 30. r. *taxed* of— p. 129. l. 27. *from* his— p. 140. l. 2. r. *Paſſe* *rough*. p. 147. l. 34. r. *ſalve*. p. 154. l. 3. r. *but* *be*. p. 168. l. 14. dele the ſemicolon after *for*— p. 170. l. 25. r. *Exer*.



A. N.

# ENGLISH RHETORIQUE EXEMPLIFIED.

**F**igures and Tropes (sayes Alexander the Sophister) are the vertues of Speech and Stile, as Barbarisms and Solecisms are the vices; we shall then begin with

A METAPHOR or Translation which is the friendly and neighbourly borrowing a word, to expresse a thing with more light and better note, though not so directly and properly as the natural name of the thing meant, would signifie. As to say, Drops of Dew are Pearls; Flowers in Meadows are Stars, and the murmuring of waters, Musick; that little Birds are Angels of the Forrests; Whales are living Rocks, or Ships with souls; that the Sea is a moving earth, and fountain water, liquid Christal. And in expressing Desirous; a kind of Desire, is thirst, and not much different from thirst is hunger; Therefore for Swords desirous of blood, Sir Philip Sidney sayes, hungry of blood. Where you may note three degrees of a Metaphor in the understanding; First, the fittesse to bloodshed in a weapon usurps the name of

B

Desirous,

*Desirous*, which is proper to a living Creature, and then that it proceeds to *thirst*, and so to *hunger*.

The Rule of a *Metaphor* is, that it be not too bold nor too far fetch'd; and though all *Metaphors* go beyond the true signification of things, yet are they requisite to express the roving fancies of mens minds, which are not content to fix themselves upon one thing intended, but must wander to the confines; like the eye that cannot choose but view the whole knot, when it purposely beholds but one flower in the Garden; Or like an *Archer*, that knowing his *Bow* will overcast, or carry short, takes aim on this side, or beyond the mark. Besides, a *Metaphor* is pleasant, because it enriches our knowledge with two things at once, the *Truth*, and a *Similitude*; as this, *Heads disinherited of their natural Seigniories*, whereby we understand both *beheading*, and the government of the head over the body, as the Heir has over the Lordship, which he inherits; Of which in another place, *To divorce the fair marriage of the head and body*; where, besides the cutting off the head, we understand the conjunction of the head and body to resemble a *marriage*. The like in concealing love, uttered in these words, *To keep Love close Prisoner. There came along the street a whole Fleet of Coaches, for a great number. Longinus* says *Metaphors* and exchanges of words, are of excellent use, and much conducing to height in Eloquence.

An *Allegory* is the continual prosecuting a *Metaphor* (which before I defin'd to be a Translation of a word) and that proportionably through the whole sentence, or through many sentences; As, *Philoclea was so environed with sweet Rivers of vertue, that she could neither be battered nor undetermined*: Where *Philoclea* is expressed by the similitude

litude of a Castle; her natural defence, by the natural fortification of Rivers about a Castle; and the Metaphor continues in the attempting her by force or craft, expressed by battering or undermining. Another, *But when she had once his Ensign in her mind,* then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be with a main battel of mislikings and repinings against their Creation; where you have *Ensignes, Squadrons, main Battels*; Metaphors still derived from the same thing, i. *War*.

As I said before, a Metaphor might be too bold, or too far fetch'd; so I now remember it may be too base, and too bald a Translation; As, *The Tempest of judgement had broken the main mast of his will.* A goodly audience of sheep, Souldiers of friendship, or such like. Too base, as in that speech, *Fritter of fraud, and seething pot of iniquity.* And they that say, *A Red Herring is a shooing Horn to a pot of Ale.* But if you speak of a disdainful matter, you may use the grosser terms.

Therefore for general delight, take your expressions from ingenious Arts and Professions, to please the learned in several kinds; As from the *Meteors, Plants, Beasts* in natural Philosophy; And from the *Stars, Spheres* and their motions in *Astronomy*; from the better part of Husbandry; from politick government of Cities; from Navigation, from the military profession, from *Physick*; but not out of the depth of those mysteries; And (unlesse your purpose be to disparage) let the word be alwayes taken from a thing of equal or greater dignity, As speaking of *Vertue*, *The sky of your vertue overcast with sorrow*, where 'twas thought unfit to stoop to any Metaphor, lower than the *Heaven*.

An Embleme, an Allegory, a Simile, a Fable, a

*Poetical Fiction* differs thus. An *Embleme* is but one part of the *Similitude* in the body, and the other part under application in the words; An *Allegory* is the similitude of the application exprest indifferently, and joyned in one sentence with words, some proper to one part, some to another; A *Simile* hath two sentences of several proper terms compared. A *Fable* is a *Simile* acted by *Fictions* in Beasts; a *Poets tale*, for the most part by gods and men. In the former example, Paint a Castle, compassed with Rivers, and let the *Motto* be, **NEC OBSIDIONE NEC CUNICULIS**, Neither by siege nor undermining, that is an *Embleme*. Lay it as it is in *Sir Philips Philoclea*; *Virtue*, environed, Rivers, battering, undermining, the terms of the other part; Put all these terms in one sentence, and it is an *Allegory*; But let it be thus, *There was a Lamb in a Castle, and an Elephant and a Fox besieged her; The Elephant would have assaulted her, but he could not swim over the River; the Fox would make an earth to get under her, but he feared the River would sink in upon him, and drown him*; then it is a *Fable*. Let *Spencer* tell you such a tale of a *Fairy Queen*, or *Ovid* of *Danae*, and 'tis a *Poetical Fiction*: But utter it thus in one sentence, *As a Castle compassed about with Rivers, cannot be battered or undermined*. And thus in another, *So Philoclea defended round about with vertuous resolution, could neither be forced nor surprized by deceit*; Then it is a *Similitude* in its own nature, which is the ground of all Emblems, Allegories, Fables and Fictions.

**METONYMIA** is the exchange of a name, when one word comes in lieu of another, not for a similitude, but for other natural affinity and coherence; As, when the matter is used for that which consists thereof, *I want silver, for money*. When the  
efficient

efficient or authour is used for the thing made; As, *My Blade is right Sebastian*; for, of *Sebastians* making. The thing containing, for the thing or person contained; As, *The City met the General*, for the *Citizens*. The adjunct, property, or quality, for the subject of it; As, *Deserts are preferred*, for men deserving. Take heed young idleness, for, idle youth. Give room to the Quon, for the Serjeant; with the like.

**SYNECHDOCHE**, is an exchange of the name of the part for the whole, or of the name of the whole for the part. There are two kinds of total comprehensions; an entire body, or a general name; As, *My name is tossed and censured by many tongues*; for, many men; where the part of an intire body goes for the whole. Contrariwise, He carries a Goldsmiths shop on his fingers, for Rings. He fell into the water, and swallowed the Thames, for the water. So the general name for the special; Put up your weapon, for your Dagger. And the special for the particular; As, *The Admiral is gone to Sea*, for *Admiral Blake*. The particular for the special; As, *I would willingly make you a Sir Philip Sidney*, for, an eloquent, learned, valiant Gentleman; or for many; As, *The Hollander they say comes against us*, for the *Hollanders*; and such like, which (because they are easie) I have exemplified familiarly. Both these Figures serve well, when you have mentioned something before, that may require Variety in repetition.

**CATACHRESIS**, in English, Abuse, is now grown in fashion, as most Abuses are; it is somewhat more desperate than a Metaphor; And is the expressing of one matter by the name of another, which is incompatible with, and sometimes clean contrary to it; As, *I gave order to some servants of mine (whom I thought as apt for such charities as my self) to lead him out into a Forrest, and there*



kill him; where Charity is used for Cruelty. But this may also be by the Figure IRONIA. The abuse of a word drawn from things far differing, As, *A voice beautiful to his ears. Accusing in himself no great trouble in mind by his behaviour or action. Do you grudge me part of your sorrow, being sister in nature? I would I were not so far off a Kin in fortune.* This is a usual Figure with the fine conversants of our time, when they strain for extraordinary expressions; As; *I am in danger of preferment. I am not guilty of those praises. I have hardly escaped good fortune. He threatens me a good turn.* All by the contrary. And as he said that misliked a picture with a crooked Nose. *The elbow of his Nose is disproportionable.*

The ear is not only pleased with store and variety of words, but takes great delight in the repetition of the same words; which, because they may be at the beginning, middle, end, and in sundry correspondencies of each of these places one to another; it happens, that it has purchased several names of Figures; As Repetition of the same word, or sound immediately without interposition of any other, is called EPIZEUXIS. *O let not, let not from you be poured upon me destruction. Tormented, tormented? torment of my soul, Philoclea tormented.* This Figure is not to be used but in passion.

ANADIPLOSIS is a repetition in the end of a former sentence, and beginning of the next; as, *you fear lest you should offend; offend, O how I sorrow you that you should offend? Because she doth deny, deny? now in earnest I could laugh, &c. why loved I? al is, alas, why loved I? to die wretched, and to be the example of the heavens woe; and hate, spare not; for your worst blow is given. — From whom they have commonly such respect, and respect soon opens the door to perswasion.*



perswasion, &c. This Figure is often and handsomly used by Sir William Davenant, in his Preface to Gondibert. And as no man strikes in thought upon any thing, but for some vehemency or distrust, so in speech there is no repetition without importance.

CLIMAX is a kind of ANADIPLOISIS, by degrees making the last word a step to a further meaning. If it be turned to an Argument, it is a SORITES; *A young man of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured with great valour. You could not enjoy your goods without government, no government without a Magistrate, no Magistrate without obedience, and no obedience, where every one, upon his private passion, interprets the Rulers actions.*

Now to make it a SORITES, or climbing Argument, joyn the first and last with an ERGO. As ERGO you cannot enjoy your own goods, where every man upon his own private passions doth, &c. This, in a penned speech, is too Academical, but in Discourse more passable and plausible. *Seeing to like, liking to love, loving to &c. Deceived me, after deceit abused me, after abuse forsaken me. What doth better become wisdom, than to discern what is worthy loving? What more agreeable to goodness, than to love it, so discerned? and what to greatness of heart, than to be constant in it once loved.* Where the last word, or some one word in the last sentence begets the next clause. This Figure hath his time, when you are well entred into discourse, have procured attention, mean to rise and amplify.

ANAPHORA is when many clauses have the like beginning; *You whom vertue hath made the Princess of Felicity, be not the minister of ruine. You whom my choice hath made the Goddesse of my safety. You whom Nature hath made the Load-star of com-*

fort, be not the Rock of shipwrack. This figure bears upon one thing, to cause the quicker apprehension of it in the audience, and to awake a sleepey or dull passion.

EPISTROPHE is contrary to the former, when many clauses end with the same words; *where the richnesse invited the eyes, the fashon entertained the eyes, and the device taught the eyes. — And all the Night did nothing but weep. Philoclea, sigh Philoclea, and cry out Philoclea, &c. Either arm their lives, or take away their lives.* This is rather a Figure of Narration or Instruction, than of Motion.

SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO, is when several sentences have the same beginning, and the same ending. *The most covetous man longs not to get riches out of that ground which can bear nothing; why? Because it is impossible. The most ambitious person vexes not his wits to climb to Heaven. why? Because it is impossible. This is the wantonnest of Repetitions, and is not to be used in serious matters.*

EPANALEPSIS is the same in one sentence which SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO is in several; *As, Severe to his Servants, to his Children severe. Or the same sound reiterated first or last in a sentence. As, His superiour in means, in place his superiour. In sorrow was I born, and must dye in sorrow. Unkindness moved me; and what can so trouble my courses, or wrack my thoughts, as unkindnesse?* This is a mild and sweet Figure, and of much use, though single and by it self, not usual in the Arcadia, unless thus, *Overthrow of my desires, recompence of my overthrow.*

EPANADOS is, when the midst and end, or midst and beginning are the same; *As, If there were no true pleasure in sleepe and idlenesse, then no doubt*

doubt the Heav'n Philosophers would have placed some part of the felicity of their Heav'n gods in sleep and idleness. — Your diligence to speak well must be great, but you shall be abundantly recompenced for the greatness of your diligence in the success of perswasion. — If I should ever wish the perfection of your eloquence, it is for your instruction, and for your benefit; that I would wish you eloquent. This kind of Repetition, and the former EPANALEPSIS, are most easily admitted into discourse, and are freeest from the opinion of affectation; because words recited at the beginning of many sentences, or at both ends of the same, are more remarkable.

**ANIMETABOLE, or COMMUTATIO,** is a sentence inverted, or turn'd back; As, If any for love of honour, or honour of love, &c. That as you are the child of a mother: so you may be mother of a child, &c. They misliked what themselves did; and yet still did what themselves misliked, &c. If before he languished, because he could not obtain his desiring; he now lamented, because he could not desire the obtaining — Either not striving, because he was contented; or contented, because he would not strive — Just to exercise his might, mighty to exercise his Justice. Learned Sir Philip Slipt often into this Figure. yet he sometimes conceal'd the particularity of his affection to it, by not turning the words wholly back, as they lay; To account it not a purse for treasure, but as a treasure it self worthy to be purs'd up, &c. Men venture lives to conquer; she conquers lives without venturing; &c. Shew'd such fury in his force; such stay in his fury; which is rather EPANODOS; Sometimes the same sense invert'd in contrary words; As, Parthenia desir'd above all things to have Argalus; Argalus fear'd nothing but to miss Parthenia. Where he returns fear to miss instead of desire.

Neither could you have thought so well of me, if extremity of love had not made your judgment partial; nor could you have loved me so entirely, if you had not been apt to make so great undeserved judgment of me. Where he returns, for, extremity of love, loving entirely; and for partial judgement, great undeserved judgement.

Though this be a sharp and witty Figures and shews out of the same words, a pretty distinction of meaning very convenient for Schoolmen, yet to use this or any other unreasonably, or unseasonably, is ridiculous. Let discretion therefore be the greatest, and most general Figure of Figures.

**PARONAMASIA** is a present touch of the same letter, syllable or word, with a different meaning. And as for the running upon the letter more than very little, is more than too much, Sir Philip Sidney in *Astropell* and *Stella*, calls it the Dictionary method, and verses, so made, *Rimes running in ratling rows*, which is an example of it. There is an old Swinish Poem made of it in Latine, call'd **PUGNA PORCORUM**.

*Hector, Hanno, Hannibal dead,  
Pompey, Pyrrhus spill'd,  
Cyrus, Scipio, Caesar slain,  
And Alexander kill'd.*

*Agnomination* of some syllables is sometimes found in the *Arcadia*; as, *Alas what can saying make them believe, whom seeing cannot perswade. And, while he was so followed by the valiantest, he made a way for the vilest. She went away repining, but not repenting. Our alms-deeds are turned into all misdeeds; our praying into playing; our fasting into feasting. That kind of breaking words into another meaning, is much*  
used

used in *Drollery*, and youthful Discourse; as, *You will have but a bare gain out of this bargain, A man not only fit for the gown, but for the gun; for the pen, but for the pike; for the book, but for the blade.* The garnish of this Figure has been in much request in less serious matters, but the more learned have avoided this kind of flourish, lest their writings should savour more of the general humour, than of private judgement.

**PROLEPTOTON** or **TRADUCTIO**, is a repetition of words of the same lineage, that differ only in termination; as, *exceedingly, exceeding. His fault using of our faults.* Sometimes the same word in several cases; as, *for fear, conceal'd his fear.* Sometimes the same word in several voices; as, *for saken by all friends, and forsaken by all comfort.* Sometimes the same Adjective in several comparisons; as, *Much may be said in my defence; much more for love, and most of all for that divine creature, who has joyned me and love together.* This is a good Figure, and may be used with or without passion, yet so, as the use of it come from choice, not barrenness.

To *Amplifie* and *Illustrate*, are two of the principal Ornaments of Eloquence, and gain mens minds to the chiefeft advantages, *Admiration* and *Belief*; For how can you commend any thing more acceptable to our Attention, than by telling us it is extraordinary, and by demonstrating it to be evident? We love to look upon a Comet above all Stars, for these two excellencies, its *Greatnesse* and its *Clearness*; such in speech is *Amplification* and *Illustration*. We amplify five wayes, by *Comparison*, *Division*, *Accumulation*, *Intimation*, and *Progression*.

*Comparison* is either of things contrary or equal,

or things different : Equal, as, *Themistocles* and *Coriolanus* (both great States-men, both of great deserts to their Countrey, both banished, both dead at one time : *Themistocles* his Councel could not prevail against the Ingratitude of the Athenians; nor *Coriolanus* his discretion overcome the unkindness of the Romans; the one was too excellent, the other too noble for the envious eyes of their Countreymen to endure, such is the force of vertue, above all quarrels of Nations, or divisions of Allegiances ; that their exiles were honourably entertained, *Coriolanus* by the *Volsci*, *Themistocles* by the *Persians*, both by their enemies, and both leading great Armies against those Countreys, which so ingratfully expelled them) were so inwardly restrained with a conscience of sacking their native soil, that they rather chose violence to their own lives, than to those of their fellow Citizens, and took it for a sufficient revenge to make it evident they might be revenged.

But this is not so forcible an Amplification of things equal indeed (wherein, as you see, all the several points of a conformed equality are to be searched out) as when things seeming unequal are compared, and that in Similitudes as well as in Examples ; for instance, where a woman is compared to a ship, out of *Plautus*, both ask much tackling, and sometimes rigging. And you shall profit most of all, by inventing matter of agreement in things most unlike : *London* and the *Tennis-Court* are like; for in both all the gains go to the hazard. *Policy* is like the *Sea*, it serves for intercourse of profit, for defence against invasions; there are both ebbings and flowings, calms and tempests ; the observation whereof may make a man first wise, then rich. But as the water serves for many outward uses, so can it not please, if it be inwardly swallowed : If you sail upon it, it will carry you where soere you will desire ; but if you drink it, it doth not satisfy,



fie, but increase desires. Again for example; Eriphyle  
 and Tarpeia (both women in whom nature should go-  
 vern love, and love warrants fidelity) were both easily  
 induced to be false, with trifling temptations; they both  
 betrayed, not one friend to another, nor the dearness of  
 love for the height of preferment, but their most assured  
 lovers to their most deadly enemies, for toys, jewels  
 and bracelets. Eriphyle, her husband Amphiarus (the  
 stay of her life) to Adrastus, his professed enemy: Tar-  
 peia, the Capitol (the defence of her Countrey) to the  
 Sabines, that besieged it, yet neither can remain as in-  
 vitation, much less as encouragement to Treason; For  
 Eriphyle was slain by her son, whom nature should  
 have bound to her defence; Tarpeia by the Sabines,  
 whom her deserts should have obliged to her safe-  
 guard. In comparing two, when you would raise the  
 person or thing you intend to make excellent, you  
 must take the meanest parts of a greater example,  
 and match them with the best of your purpose, and  
 by such partiality you shall amplify and extoll the  
 subject you treat of; as Isocrates did in his compa-  
 rison of Cyrus and Thagarus. Otherwise for impar-  
 tial comparisons, which notwithstanding do ampli-  
 fie, read the matches, or encounters of the most  
 famous Grecian and Roman Examples in *Plu-  
 tark*.

*Comparisons of things different.*

In the former Comparison, is a composition of the  
 points at first, because I pre-suppose the Histories on  
 both sides to be familiar to you by reading; but if you  
 were to marshal Histories, whereof both or either  
 were not sufficiently known, then had you need  
 begin with single relations; As if a man would  
 compare *Vasco Gama* with *Sir Francis Drake*, he  
 might say, *Sir Francis Drake* indeed travelled round  
 about the World in two years, saw divers Nations, en-  
 dured



dured many perils at Sea, & returned laden with great treasure; and Vascus Gama first searched the Coast of Quiloa, Mozambique, and Calicute, and opened the passage to the East-Indies. But as it was easy for Drake to proceed further in discoveries, when he had entrance made by Columhus, so was it most dangerous and difficult for Gama to adventure a course, without example and direction: Drake scoured the Coasts with a sufficient company of ships, made pillage of others, and thereof furnished himself for his enterprize; Gama went but weak at first, lost most of his small Fleet, and met nothing at Seas, but tempests and famine. Drake invaded upon opportunities, hazarded but his own fortune, and retired to sea upon all advantages. Gama had in charge an expedition of his Sovereigns Command, was constrained to victual himself among barbarous Nations, and not only buy provision in their Continent with the price of his blood, but durst not depart without leaving his King proclaimed and possessed in their Territories, divers places of strength fortified, and established to his use: so that if Gama had been to pursue the example of Drake, as Drake had the light of Columbus and Magellus Travels, Vascus Gama's spirit was as like to have conquered the whole world, as Drakes fortune was to compass it.

And where the parts of Collation are most obscure, there your narration must be the longer; As, Cicero in comparing Marcellus & Verres, makes a long recital of the acts of Marcellus to acquaint the hearers with them before comparison. In some cases, after good confidence of proof, your examples may come in more thick and plentiful; As, If to protract a battel upon advice, be cowardize, then Phocion; then Metellus; then Fabius, & all the valiantest Captains of all ages were cowards. If to displant the rebellious natives of Scotland, and to root them out of that kingdom

be cruelty, then the Colonies transferr'd by the Romans into Sicily, into France, into the several coasts of Italy, and divers other places, testifie great cruelty.

But comparison of things different is most commendable, where there seems to be great affinity in the matters confer'd; as in the King of Spains assisting the Irish, and the Queen of England's aiding the Netherlands. The Spaniard gave assistance to a people untrue in their treaties, wicked in their manners; to those who have traiterously rebelled without provocation, and stood out contrary to their own submission, brake their own peace, and wasted their own Countrey. The Queen did but lend some few voluntaries to the protection of a Nation, peaceable in their lives, free by their priviledges; a people denying no claim of any true Prince, except perpetual servitude of their bodies, and importable exactions of their goods.

Another example of things different compared. Is not the marriage of beads, of houses, and colledges, as lawful as the marriage of the Doctors of the Arch-bishop, or the Clerks of the Chancery? both were indited by the same Law, and yet I take it not indifferent, that both should by the abrogation of the same Law, be equally repealed. The one hath his living casua', by his temporal pains, the other his maintenance certain, by Ecclesiastical provision; The one may purchase by the improving his revenues, and so may lawfully raise a patrimony to maintain his posterity; the other can by no christ upon the common goods, gather a living for a wife and children, without imbezelling from the poor, deducting from hospitality, defeating the intent of the giver, or defrauding his succession. Lastly, the one hath all to the use of his office, the other is owner of nothing, but to his own behoof and disposition. In these two sorts of Amplifications you may insert all Figures, as the passion of the matter shall serve.

Comparison

Comparison of contraries is the third and most flourishing way of Comparison. Contraries are sometimes arranged together by pairs one to one, thus. Compare the ones impatience with the others mildness, the ones insolency with the others submission, the ones humility with the others indignation, and tell me whether he that conquer'd, seem'd not rather confounded, than he that yielded any thing discourag'd. Compare not mind with mind, lest it seem fantastical, and beyond the tryal of our senses; But set the ones triumph against the others captivity, loss against victory, feasts against wounds, a Crown against fetters, misfortune against felicity; and the majesty of courage will be found in the overthrown. More examples of this you have in the Figure *Contentio*, which is one of the instruments to aggravate, by way of Comparison. Yet one example more. He that prefers wealth by ignorance before chargeable study, professes contempt before honour, darkness before light, death before life, and earth before heaven.

This is one way of arranging contraries.

There is another way of ordering them with interchangeable correspondence in sentences, that though each touch not other, yet it affronts the other; As, Shall a Soldier (for a blow with his hand given in War to a Captain) be disgraced? And shall a Lawyer (for the Bastinado given in a Court of Justice to his Companion) be advanced? Shall we that profess Laws, maintain outrage? And shall they that break all Laws, yet in this observe civility? Where you may see every word in the latter sentence aggravated by opposition to every word in the former. Another, Did the most innocent vouchsafe a part of his glory to pray for his enemies? and shall we the most sinful esteem it a blot to our reputation, to be answered and our Brethren? Of this you shall have more examples here

hereafter. But unless it be for the Declamatory exercise, you are to avoid too great swelling without substance.

The second way of *Amplification* is by *Division*, which (as a modern Author says) is to anatomize it into several parts, and to examine it according to several circumstances; Not unlike the shew that Pedlars make of their Packs, when they display them, contrary to the German magnificence, that serves in all the good meat in one dish. But whereas the same Author sayes, that this Art of Amplifying will betray it self in method and order; I think it rather adorns it self. For, instead of saying, *He put the whole Law to the Sword*; let me reckon all ages and conditions, and say, *He neither saved the young men, as pitying the unripe flower of their youth; nor aged men, as respecting their gravity; nor children, as pardoning their weakness; nor women, as having compassion on their sex; Souldier, Clergyman, Citizen; armed or unarmed, resisting or submitting, all within the Town were destroyed by the fury of that bloody executioner.* Note that the divisions here are taken from age, profession, sex, habit, or behaviour. It likewise be from all circumstances, *All dance, the Heavens, Elements, mens minds, Commonwealths, so by part all dance.*

Another example varied, *He apparrels himself with great discretion*; Thus amplify in circumstances. For stuffs, *his cloaths were more rich than glittering*; As to the fashion, rather usual for his quality, than fantastical for his invention; for colour, more grave and uniform, than wild and light. For fitness, made as well for ease of exercise, as to set forth to the eye those parts which had in him any excellency. So, to say, he would take an occasion of discourse with a yong witty Lady, and would raise it first from her behaviour.

*baviour*. If she said nothing, he would partly quarrel with her *silence*; if she *smiled*, he would gather out of it some interpretation of praise of her favour, and of his own joy and good fortune; if she *frowned*, he would both move her to mirth, and deny she could be angry in earnest; if she were sad, he would conform his speech and action in that sobernesse to her humour, as might beguile her passion, by way of false confederacy; if she walked or played, the secret praise of her face, her eyes, her hair, her voice, her hands, her body, her gate, was the application of most conceits, whatever gave the ground of them; yet with such dissembling art, as if forgetfulness or love alluded in them, not cunning, or want of variety.

So you may divide by the forms of speech in general; as, he *was never to seek how to propose or invent, raise or maintain, reconcile and distinguish any arguments, histories, similitudes, proverbs; jests attended him in great plenty, when he needed to employ them: he would deliver strong reasons carelessly, and choice words smoothly and unaffectedly; he used a sporting wisdom, an eloquent prating. But with Gallants & Ladies of better respect, and lesse curiosity, his duty, their kindness, their common acquaintance, the occasion of his coming, the remembrance of his last conference, the place, the time, the last news of forraign parts, the Court, the Country, the City, fed his invention, and satisfied their ears.* All this is but division of the persons, with whom you conversed, their manners, carriage, the fashions and ornaments, the matter and subject of discourse. This in some sort used, is more properly called *Dilatation*, than *Amplification*; and being often practised, will enable you to discourse almost of any thing wherein you are not precisely ryed to the exact manner of division, which *Logicians* use. But you have liberty of seeking all things comprized within

within the sense of your general Theam, differ they essentially, or in any notable property. You may also, if you please, run over the entire part of *Amplification*; as, *the ship was blown up*; for the ship, you may say the *mast, sails, tackling, keel, prow, stern*; for *blowing up*, you may say, *rent, torn, smothered, scattered in the air, sunk under the water*, all the circumstances of *blowing up*. So in saying a *fair tree*, you may divide the tree into the *root, body, branches and fruit*; and *fairness* into *tallness, straightness, verdure, sweetness*, and such things as are fair in a tree. In describing a *gallant man*, you may talk of his mind, person, his attempting, prosecuting and finishing an enterprise. And note, that this *Amplification* has in it both credibility and instruction; for it makes instances of that, which being generally spoken, would seem but a flourish, and gives more special note of that kind, which universally could not be conceived, without confusion and dulness. This kind of *Amplification* is more taken up by *Cicero* than *Demosthenes*; for *Demosthenes* never uses it, but as it falls in his way.

The third way of *Amplification* is *Accumulation*, which is a heaping up many terms of praise or accusation, importing but the same matter, without descending into any part, and has his due season after some argument of proof. Otherwise it is like a Schoolman, foaming out *Synonima's*, or words of one meaning, and will sooner beget a censure of superfluity of words, than sufficiency of matter. But, let us give some example to amplify a *Sedition*; *tumults, mutinies, uproars, desperate conspiracies, wicked confederacies, furious commotions, traiterous rebellions, associations in villany, distractions from allegiance, bloody gayboyles, intestine Massacres of Citizens*. But this example is somewhat too swelling. Now to describe a beautiful woman, you may say, *She hath a most winning*



ning countenance, a most pleasant eye, a most amiable presence, a chearful aspect, she is a most delicate object, &c. The taste of former times has term'd it sweet, to bring in three clauses together of the same sense; As, *Your beauty (sweet Lady) hath conquer'd my reason, subdu'd my will, master'd my judgement.* How this will hold among our curious Refiners I know not; he that looks on the wearing of it, will find it bare, how full of stuff soever it appears. First, it passeth for parts of division, when indeed it is but a variation of an English. Yet notwithstanding the practice will furnish you store of phrases, without which you shall never have choice, the Mother of perfection. Cicero in his Orationes uses it much; some others follow it to four clauses, but he seldom exceeds three. It has this certain effect, it will sufficiently secure your vein not to be dry and exhausted. But to return to our first sort of *Accumulation*, and reduce it with this, under one precept. I take the use of this to be in anger, detestation, commiseration, and such passions, as you, seeming thoroughly possess'd with, would willingly stir up in others.

The fourth way of *Amplification*, is by *Intimation*, and leaves the collection of greatnesse to our understanding, by expressing some mark of it. It exceeds speech in silence, and makes our meaning more intelligible by a touch, than by direct treating. as he that should say, *You must live very many years in his company, whom you should account for your friend*, says well; but he that says, *You had need eat a bushel of salt with him*, saith more, and gives you to reckon more than many years in his company, whom you should account for your friend. It savours sometimes of *Hyperbole*; As, *that man that is grown grose, is grown from a body to a corporation*; again, for a little  
man



man on horse-back, he was taken for a hat riding on the pommel of a saddle. Of this sort, examples are familiar; So honest a wrangler, that his nose being betwixt, was the only cause why his two eyes went not to Law. So the hugeness of a Gyant is exprest, by saying, his skull held half a bushel of wheat. This may be done with Ironia, or denial; he was no notorious Malefactor, but he had been twice on the pillory, and once burnt in the hand for trifling oversights. So by ambiguity of the word, he draws his sword oftner than his purse. This fashion of Amplification, I term *Intimation*, because it does not directly aggravate; but by consequence or proportion, intimate more to your mind, than ears.

**PROGRESSIO** is the last kind of Amplification, which by steps of comparison scorns every degree, till it come to the supream; and sometimes to advance the matter higher, it descends lower. It is an ornament in speech to begin at the lowest, that you may aspire to the highest Amplification; for example, in reprehending the prodigality of Monuments; I begin with the excesses of Alphonsus on his fathers Funeral; thence to Alexanders profusion upon one of his friends Tombs; then to Urbanus, towards his servant; thence to Cesar, on his horses burial; after that, to the Molossians on their dogs; and thence to the Egyptians, that charged themselves with the sumptuous burial of a Crocodile. So, seeming in some sort, to admit the first less than the second, and by growing weaker and weaker in the excellēce of every one, as I proceed, the last will seem most ridiculous, if not odious. So Cicero against Verres, meaning to amplify his bribery and extortions. It is rigorous exaction (saith he) not to absolve the innocent without money; great cruelty to commit him, till he ransom himself; but not to suffer the parties to have access.

access unto him without reward, is wretched covetousness. To sell the egress and regress of them that bring him victuals; nay, to take money that he shall have an easie death: To put a price upon the strokes that shall execute him; So much, that he shall be beheaded at one blow; so much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of most barbarous and intolerable extortion. So in another example; He was careless of doing well, a looseness of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakness of flesh; his mind consented to offend, a shrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accustomed himself to abuse, a sad employment; yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his persuasion, and seduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained those he had drawn in with flesh inunctions, and disgraced the modesty of them who resisted his corruptions with scorns and derisions, which could argue no less in him, than a most reprobate damnable resolution.

The Rule of this is, when you would praise or discommend any thing, to consider how many lesse things there are of that kind, to which notwithstanding you would give some shew of importance. As he that would render sleep obnoxious, may say, Idleness (which is lesse) by Draco's Laws was Felony. Or, to give that Bishop his right, that built two whole Colledges at his own charges, and endowed them with Lands. Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in these days not to grant long Leases; diminish the revenues of his Fee; how laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decayed Palaces and Granges? How magnificent an act it is thought for a noble person to build an Hospitall. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledge. And can there be such an unthankfulnesse, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that enriched his Bishoprick, built two the  
most

most famous Nurseries of Learning in the Land; was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequests to all degrees at his death. In like sort, by an example of abusing the Name of God. To make table talk of a mean mans name, were injurious; to run upon a Noble mans title, were great scandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treason; and what shall it be to make a vanity of that name, which is most terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and most reverend even to Monarchs and Angels? There be two contrary accents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this last of swearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the comparison of every particular circumstance, that the whole may seem the greater? As in this example, It is lamentable that a young man should be offended with the advice of his experienced friend, tending to his profit. First, it is a hard case that counsel should be neglected; but harder that it should offend. It is a sad thing to see any displeased with good admonitions; but more sad to see a youth so offended. Who would not grieve to have his advice ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to see his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who listens not to the good exhortations of the Skillful; But more, that disdains the instructions of his discreet friend. He is miserable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the sound precepts of his dear friends; but more miserable and unfortunate, that mislikes directions given for his own good and advantage.

This is a most easy, clear, and usual kind of Amplification, for it gives more light and force to every circumstance. The circumstances are these. The persons who and to whom, the matter, the intent, the time, the place, the manner, the consequence, and many more:

Out.

Out of every one of which, any thing may be made more notable, and egregious by way of comparison. And that it may the better be remembered by you, let enquiry be made in every controversie for the circumstances, and compare them with other lesse matters, and you shall hardly fail of discourse, or be left on ground for want of good invention. There is a richer shew in this kind of amplifying by every circumstance, than in any other. First, you must begin every circumstance with a new figure. Sometimes with *Affirmation*, sometimes with *Interrogation*, sometimes with *Admission*, sometimes with *Ironia*. Secondly, when you, upon every circumstance, urge the whole sense, you are for every circumstance almost to vary the words: As before, for *Lamentable*; *unhappy*, *unfortunate*, *heavy*, *sad*, *grievous*: so for *Counsel*; *Admonitions*, *Advice*, *Exhortations*, *Instructions*, *Precepts*, *Directions*. Again, I say, remember this kind of *Pragression* by circumstances, and urging and aggravating all the points of a Sentence: For you shall find it used as much as any Figure in Rhetorique, by all good Speakers and Writers.

There are Figures that help *Amplification*, and make shew of setting forth a matter fairer than it is. The first is *HYPERBOLE*; whereof I will give you some such examples, as my own reading long since observed in the *Arcadia*. Sometimes it expresses a thing in the highest degree of possibility, beyond the truth, that in descending thence, you may find the truth. Sometimes in flat impossibilities, that you may rather conceive the unspeakableness, than the untruth of the relation. Possibly, as for *hypocritical Host*; he gave as pleasing entertainment, as the falsest heart could give him, whom he means worst unto. That ever eye saw, or heart could imagine. For  
diligent

diligent inquiry; making their eyes, their ears, and their tongue serve for nothing else, but that inquiry. This is the utmost possible. But in the very frontiers of impossibility, thus though a thousands deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a hundred dishonours. The world sooner wanted occasions, than he valour to go through them. Words and blows came so thick together, as the one seemed a lightning to the others thunder. Sometimes there is no certain quantity of a thing set, but plainly and ingeniously told unvariably. As, beyond the bounds of conceipt, much more of utterance. And, this figure is more for the credit of your wit, than of your speech.

**CORRECTIO**, having used a word of sufficient force, yet pretending a greater strength of meaning, refuses it, and supplies the place with one of more extension; As, I persuade you not to let slip occasion, whilst it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken. Where the first rising of the matter is, upon, Not only, but, then upon the correcting, Nay: Again, you must be content, nay, you must be desirous to take pains, if you will write well; It is the only quality, which in all actions will gain you praise, praise (said I) nay honour. This figure is to be used, when you would make the matter more credible in it self, than by the manner of delivery; 'tis sometimes used upon passion, without intent to amplify: As, you Stars, if you do not succour me: no, no, you will not help me. O Parthenia, no more Parthenia, what art thou? There are two contrary ways to this form, and both lead to Amplification, but in a dissembling sort. The first is by Ironia, which expresses a thing by the contrary, by shew of exhortation; where indeed it dehorts. As, yet a while, sleep a while, fold thine arms a while: so shall necessity overtake thee, like a traveller, and poverty set on

thee like an armed man — It was but small charges of idle money that the Egyptians bestowed in erecting a Pyramis of brick, when the expence in Onions and Garlick for Workmens dyet, came to about 238000 l. of our money — Milo had but slender strength, that carried an Oxe a furlong on his back, then killed him with his fist, and eat him to his Breakfast. — Titornus had a reasonable good arm, that could hold two Bulls by the tails, the one in the one hand, the other in the other, & never be stirred out of his place by their violence. Here small, slender and reasonable, amplifie as much as if you had said great, exceeding, or incredible.

**PARALEPSIS** (the second counterfelt of Amplification) is, when you say you let pass that which notwithstanding you touch at full; As, I make no account of any hinderance in other the direct studies of my course; I value not my pains in collecting these observations; I will forget that I denyed the earnest intreaty of many kind and learned Gentlemen, that sued to me for helps; I am loth to tell you they are Notes of his, whom your Masters of the University have thought as great a Reader, and a greater Observer than themselves; I desire not, that you should make any greater estimation of them, than of a testimony of my love to you, and a pledge of my resolution to encourage those lovely sparks of good invention, which if you smother and quench in your self, you commit a kind of intellectual murder. The like is used often in Progression. But another, I urge not to you the hope of your friends, though that should animate you to answer their expectation; I lay not before you the necessity of the place, which you are to furnish, wherein to be defective and insufficient were some shame; I omit the envious concurrencies, and some prepared comparisons in your Countrey, which have some feeling with young men of fore-sight;



fore-fight, I only say, how shall our promises give judgment against us? how shall we discharge our own Engagements to your Father, if this time hath not tak'n his full effect of profit in our labours and endeavour. Two figures properly belong to this kind of Amplification, which are called **ACCMULATION** and **DIVISION**.

The first is a round dispatching of much matter, not plainly and simply the same in sense, yet tending to the same end; As, Loves companions are uniqueness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, rages, carelessness, yieldings, &c. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge come upon hatred. These examples are out of *Arcadia*. You may frame one thus. All men exclaim upon these exactions, Nobles, Gentry, Commonalty, Poor, Rich, Scholars, Merchants, Peasants, Young, Old, High, Low, and all cry out upon the hard impositions of these barbers.

The second figure differs not much from the first, but that the first is a sudden entrance into a confused heap of matter. This is a wild and dissolute repetition of all that went before: As, you have heard of his pride, ambition, cozenage, robberies, murmes in the City, in the Camp, in the Countrey. What kinsman of his abused, what friend undeceived, what companion uncorrupted, can speak for him? where can he live without shame? where can he dye with honour? These two figures not only make your cause seem better, but skilfully and properly used, do amaze an adversary of mean ability.

There are other figures that come in fitly after Amplification, or any great heat justly inflamed, *Interrogation* and *Exclamation*.

**INTERROGATION** is but a warm Proposition, yet it oftentimes doth better than a bare Affirmation, which were but too easie and lifeless a speech: As,

The credit of behaviour, is to cover imperfection, and set forth your good parts better. Thus expressed, Is it not the chiefeſt credit of behaviour, to set forth your good parts fairly and clearly, and to cover imperfection? Men are ignorant, and therefore by good expressions without ranting or affectation, you shall gain a more general opinion, than by sufficiency smothered in too modest a silence. By Interrogation thus, Are not most men ignorant? shall you not then by quaint expressions, without ranting or affectation, please more, and get a more general good opinion, than by great sufficiency concealed by your own shamefastness?

To dissemble excellencies is good policy in him, whom his course must at length necessarily draw into light and proof, and then all that he delivers will be admirable, because expectation forestall'd nothing of his worth; which may likewise be turned into an Interrogation, and is very fit for a speech, addressed to many illiterate hearers; is much used in *Pirocles* Oration to the seditious multitude, and then it may be well frequented and iterated. Did the Sun ever bring fruitful Harvest, but was more hot than pleasant? Have you any of your children, that be not sometimes burdensome? Have you any fathers that be not sometimes froward? shall we therefore curse the Sun? hate our children? and disobey our fathers? An example of many Interrogations. Have you not seen a stately kind of courtesie, and a proud kind of humility? have you not seen a wise man withdraw himself from man company, with better grace, and more kindness, than some silly Gentleman that has bestowed himself on fools, thrown himself down in'to the midst of his miseries? doth not a commendation, a hat, a good word, a good morrow, purchase more hearts, than a months familiar prating, with a flock of rude people? Do you converse with your  
superiors,

superiors, to learn of them to be able to judge them  
and benefit your self; And shall not your inferiors do  
the like with you? Is it not a safer gain of populari-  
ty, with Ceremonies, than with discovering your Na-  
ture? Many such like Interrogations might be ad-  
ded; but let it suffice, that 'tis easie and gentle to  
sharpen the flats of affirmations and down-right tel-  
ling of Tales.

**EXCLAMATION** is not lawful, but in the ex-  
tremity of motion; as Pyrocles, seeing the mild  
Philoctetes innocently beheaded, cryed out, O Tyrant  
Heaven, and Traytor Earth, blind Providence, how is  
this done? how is this suffered? hath this World a  
Government? The like in the beginning of the  
second Book of the *Arcadia* in the person of Gine-  
tia tormented in mind. O Sun! O Heavens! O  
Deserts! O Vertue! O imperfect proportion! And  
in another Author thus, O endless endeavour! O  
vain-glorious Ignorance! Dost thou desire to be known?  
where? in Europe; how canst thou be famous, when  
Asia and Africa that have thrice as many people, hear  
not of thy actions? Art not thou then thrice as obscure  
as thou art renowned? Dost thou look that all the  
world should take notice of thee, when for five thou-  
sand years three parts of the world took no notice of  
the fourth? But Europe is the house of Fame, because  
it is the Nursery of Arts and Books, wherein Reports  
are preserved. O weak imagination! O self pleasing  
fancy! Canst thou expect in these parts from 40 de-  
grees to 90 North-ward, such praises and honours for  
thy name, when every Map on every Wall shews thee  
as much space from 40 to 90 South-ward, inhabited  
with nothing but silence and forgetfulness!

**ACCLAMATION** is a sententious clause of a  
Discourse, or a Report, such as Daniel in his Poems  
concludes with often. It is a general instruction

for every man commonly for his pains in reading a History, or other mens Books for some private use of it to himself. Like a Cash-keeper, who drawing great sums of other mens money, challenges somewhat in the pound for his own Fee. It serves for *Amplification*, when after a great Crime or Desart exclaim'd upon, or extoll'd, it gives a moral Note worth credit and observation. As, after the true Relation of *Scipio Africanus's* course, who having been chief Governor of the greatest Armies in the World; having all his life-time Kings suiters for his favour, and Nations kept in awe of his Name; yet in 56 years neither bought nor sold goods or lands, built any House or Castle of his own, left not above 46 l. in gold, and 6 l. in silver behind him at his death. It may be folded up in this *Acclamation*: *So little need has he to stoop to private cares, that thrives upon publick victories; and so small leisure has he to be desirous of Riches, that hath been so long possess and satisfied with honour, which is the immortal end of mortal actions.* Such Notes are those scraps of policy which some now a dayes gather out of *Polybius* and *Tacitus*, and not unlike are the Morals that hang upon *Esops Fables*.

This *Acclamation* sometimes is the cause and reason of a former Narration, as a story of one, who being a Servant to a Family, and of mean quality, won the doting love of a witty Lady in the house, whereas she never looked upon the humble suits, the cunning insinuations, the noble deserts of many lovers of higher degree, but with free judgment and careless censure; This close may follow, *So hard entrance hath affection into a heart prepared to suspicion, especially in the weakest natures, whose safeguard is mistrust: So easy is the increase of love by insensible steps, when the service you offer seems to proceed*

proceed out of the goodness of your own disposition, which women expect to be permanent, and not out of the necessity of your suit which may force you for the time to a mained difference from the proper humor. Yet if this be too much used, it is like a Note-book gathered out of Histories.

Contrary to Amplification, is DIMINUTION, and this descends by the same steps that Amplification ascends, and differs no more than up Hill, and down Dale, which is the same way begun out of several sentences; yet some examples in *Arcadia* will make you observe two wayes of diminishing single terms, one by denying the contrary; As if you should say, *But reasonably pleasant*; *Arcadia's* speech is, *Not unpleasant, hardly liked, nor misliked*. But why should I give examples of the most usual phrases in the English tongue? as we say, *Not the wisest that ever we saw, for a man of small wisdom*. The second way is, by denying the right of the words, but by error of some; As, *Those fantastical mind-infected people, which Children and Musicians call Lovers. That misfortune of letting fall his Dagger, which the rude Hectors of our time, call being disarmed. That opinion of honesty, which has lately been so proudly translated by the Souldier into the word (Honour.)* And such like. But the former fashion of Diminution sometimes in ironious sort goes for Amplification, as speaking of a great personage, *No mean man*; This is an ordinary figure for all kinds of speeches.

The Figures following serve for Amplification. *Eumolpismos*, is a composition of contraries, and by both words intimates the meaning of neither precisely, but a moderation and mediocrity; As, *bravery and raggedy* are contrary, yet somewhat better than both is meant by *brave raggedness*. So

wanton modesty, enticing soberness. And with that she prettily smiled, which mingled with tears, a man could not tell, whether it were a mourning pleasure, or delightful sorrow. With what a witty ignorance she would understand, &c. Absented presence, well-willing sight. The one contrary is affirmed to be in the other directly, by making the one the Substantive, the other the Adjective, as above in those examples; or indirectly, as in these words following. Seeking honour by dishonour; and building safety upon ruine; O foolish woman, and most miserable foolish woman, because wit makes thee foolish. Captivity might seem to have authority over Tyranny. This is a gentle way to move admiration in the hearers, and make them think it a strange harmony, which must be exprest in such discord. Therefore this example shall conclude. There was a perfect agreement in so perfect a disagreement; like musick made of cunning discords. This is an easie figure, and useful.

**CONTENTIO** is contrary to the former; That was a composition of *Sturmius* disagreements; This is an opposition of them. As, there was strength against weakness, rage against resolution, pride against nobleness. He is a swaggerer amongst quiet men; but is quiet amongst swaggerers; earnest in idle things, idle in matters of earnestness. Where there is both *Antimetabole* for the turning of the sentence back, and *Contentio* respecting the contrariety of things meant thereby. Could not look on, nor would not look off. Neither the one hurt her, nor the other help her. Fast without partiality, humble without contradiction, liberal without profusion, wise without curiosity. This figure is fit to embellish a copious stile, and serves much for *Amplification* by *Comparison*:

**COMPAR** is an even-gate of sentences answering each other in measures interchangeably. Such as  
are



are in *St. Augustine* often, but oftner in *Gregory* the Divine; and in *Bishop Andrews* Works in English. But many do intermingle this figure with *Agnomination*, and *Similiter cadens*; it is very useful in elocution; but in penning it must be used with modesty and mediocrity. A touch of *Agnomination* of the Letter is tolerable with a *Compar*; As, *If ever I could wish my faith untryed, and my counsel intrusted.* And (where there is a *similiter cadens*, but a more evident falling alike) in this. *My years are not so many, but that one death may conclude them; nor my faults so many, but that one death may satisfie them.* Without consonancy of fall, or harping upon a letter or syllable, yet a *Compar*, because the words match each other in rank. *Save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from despair*; where *gray hairs*, *aged mind*, *rebuke* and *despair* answer each other. Again, *Rather seek to obtain that constantly by courtesie, which you cannot assuredly enjoy by violence.* Verb to Verb, Adverb to Adverb, and Substantive to Substantive. *Loveliness can neither warrant you from suspicions in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your self.*

In some places there is a shorter *Compar*; where word to word, or substantive to substantive, are joined, and yet without conjunction, which is *ASYNDETON*. *Her face with beauty, her head with wisdom, her eyes with majesty, her countenance with gracefulness, her lip with loveliness;* where many (*Ands*) are spared. In some places only the Conjunction is put in the last in a *Compar* of three; As, *her wit endeared by youth, her affection by birth, and her sadness by her beauty.* A fair Woman shall not only command without intreaty, but perswade without speaking. This is an excellent figure, in no place unimely; if not too often used; it fits well the even pauses and interruptions of an eloquent tongue, seems to be rich

and copious, and to contain many parts (whereof each with a tedious man would be a sentence) and make an impression upon the hearers senses; it has long been in request, ever since the dayes of *Isocrates*, whose Orations are full of it. This figure belongs more properly to that part of *Amplification*, called *Division*, than to *Accumulation*.

*SENTENTIA*, if it be well used, is a figure, if ill and too much, a Style, of which none that write humorously and factiously, can be clear in these dayes, when there are so many Schisms of Eloquence: We study now a dayes according to the predominancy of Critical fancies. Whilst *Moral Philosophy* was in request, it was rudeness, not to be sententious; whilst *Mathematicks* were of late in vogue, all similitudes came from *Lines, Circles and Angles*; But now that *Mars* is predominant, we must recruit our wits, and give our words a new Quarter. 'Tis very true, a Sentence is a pearl in a Discourse; but it is a good Discourse that consists wholly of pearls. It is like an eye in the body, nor is it monstrous to be all eyes. I take *Cyclops* to be as handsom a man, as *Argos*. And if a Sentence were as like a hand in the Text, as it is commonly noted with one in the Margent, yet I should rather like that work that had no more hands than *Hercules*, than that which had as many as *Briareus*.

These are Sentences, *The rich mans bounty is the poor mans Exchequer. The sickness of age is awayce; The errors of youth prophaneess.* There is small difference between a Proposition and a Question, if I forget not *Aristotle* (1. 1. p.) Since length of acquaintance, mutual secreties, nor height of benefites could oblige a savage mind. There is a Sentence, and in it *ENIGMA, ASYNDETON, and METAPHORA.* *Justice is not alwayes with ease oppressed; Where there*

there is **METIOSIS**, not always with ease, for, even and hardly, who stands only upon defence, stands upon no defence; A Sentence with **EPANADOS** Unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire it self. A Sentence with **DISTINCTIO** and **CONTENTIO**. Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a resisting, a Tyrant. **COMPAR & CONTENTIO**; It is a foolish wittiness to speak of more than one thing. Neither is this sentence without a Comparison: it is a double Sentence, as they call it. To a heart fully resolved, counsel is tedious, and reprehension loathsome. And, There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend. There may be also Sentences particular to some men, as well as general; As, ~~Amphialus~~ *Amphialus*, in whom abused kindness became spiteful rage. ~~Scarsfulness~~ *Scarsfulness*, contrary to all other vices, making Clinias think the better of another, the worse he found himself. *Eularchus*, making his life the example of *Vio*. All which may be taken for Rules and common places, by putting the general name for the special, as they say, drawing it a **THESIS** and **HYPOTHESIS**. These examples may make you believe, a Sentence may be coured through the whole Figure book, and that many figures may easily assemble in one Clause, and any one figure consort with another. Yet it were absurd to ground the form and fashion of your whole style upon any one figure.

**ILLUSTRATION** consists either in things or words; In the description of things living or dead. And of living things, either reasonable, as men and their personages, and qualities; or unreasonable, as of Horses, Ships, Islands, Castles, and such like. Men are described most excellently in the *Arcadia*, as *Basilius*, *Plexertus*, *Pirocles*, *Musidorus*, *Anaxinus*, &c.

&c. But he that will truly characterize a man in a feigned story, must first learn handsomly to describe a humor, a passion, a vertue, a vice, and therein, keeping decent proportion, add but names, and knit together the accidents and encounters. This perfect expressing of all qualities, is learn'd out of *Aristotles* tenth Book of Moral Philosophy. But because (as *Machiavel* observes) perfect vertue, or perfect vice is not seen in our time, which altogether is humorous and spiring; therefore the understanding of *Aristotles* Rhetorique is held to be the best means to attain to true eloquence; excellent on this subject also are *Theophrasti* imagines; *Heliodorus* and *Longinus* in Greek (the last lately well translated into English.) *Zanaxarus* his *Arcadia* in Italian, *Diana de monte majori* in Spanish, &c.

But to our purpose, of personages and affections described in *Arcadia*. For men; pleasant, idle retiredness in a King *Basilus*, and a dangerous end of it. Unfortunate Valor in *Plangus*; Courteous Valor, in *Amphialus*; Proud Valor in *Anaxius*; Hospitality in *Kalandar*; The mirror of true courage and friendship in *Piracles* and *Musidorus*; Miserableness and ingratitude in *Chremes*; Fear and false subtilty in *Elysius*; Fear and rudeness, with ill-affected civility in *Dametas*; and through this story, mutual love in marriage in *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; Out of marriage in *Pixocles* and *Philoclea*, *Musidorus* and *Pamela*; True constant love unrespect'd in *Plangus*, in *Helena*, in the true *Zelmane*; Inconstancy, envy, suspicion and tyranny in a King and his Counsellors; General false love in *Phamphilus*; and slight carriage and credulity in *Chremes* Daughter; base dotting on a Wife in *Plangus* father. But in Women a mischievous and seditious stomach in *Cecropia*; Prudent courage in *Pamela*; Mild discretion in *Philoclea*;

*loctea*; *Pamela's* prayer, her discourse, *squeamish* cunning; Unworthiness in *Artesia*; Respective and restless dotage in *Synetia's* love. Proud, ill favoured, stutish simplicity in *Mopsa*. Now in these persons is there ever a stedfast decency, and uniform difference of manners observed wherever you find them? However each interrupt the others story and actions.

And as for actions of persons, there are many rarely and perfectly described. As the mutiny and fire in a ship; causes of an uproar; the Garboyl; an armed skirmish: policy and preparation. Sometimes managing a Horse is described; tilting and Shews. Many other lively and notable portraicts there are, which I will not set down, to save you so sweet a labour, as the reading that which alone will make you eloquent and wise. Sir *Philip Sidney's* course (besides reading *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*) was to imagine the thing present, that his pen might the better describe it.

Under this notion of *Illustration* may come lively descriptions, and the apt fitting a person represented with speech and action, both which grow into very pleasing acquaintance with the understanding and memory of the Reader.

For special light in every Sentence, there are other sparks of figures. First, if there be any doubt or ambiguity in the words, it is better left out than distinguished. But if you are to answer former speeches that imply any doubtfulness, you may disperse all clouds, and remove all scruples with *Distinction*. As being charged you have brought very light reasons, you may answer, *If by light you mean clear, I am glad you see them; If by light you mean of no weight, I am sorry you do not feel them.* So you may express a man of hidden learning, *Hidden as well*

well for the obscure and mean estate of his person, as hidden for the unusual and not vulgar context of the matter. But, as ambiguity is not only in words, but in matter; so both wayes it is taken away by *Distinction*. Sometimes it is in single words, as in those former, *light* and *hidden*. Sometimes in coherence of Sentences, by reason of the relation of each word to other, by reason of the change of the pointing, which is cleared by delivery.

You have many examples of this in the second Book of *Tully de Oratore*, and *Quintilian*; where there is mention of *Focus ab ambiguo*; as also in *Erasmus* his Apophthegms. *Proverbiall Apophthegms*

**DISTINCTION** of ambiguity in matters of determination of the truth of general Propositions, is to tell wherein they are certain, wherein not. As, *Travel in forraign Countries settles a young mans humor*. If it be taken in this sort, that it will inforce him to wariness and secrecie, and restrain him from pouring forth his counsels, it is very profitable: For he shall have few friends in whom to put confidence, and few companions with whom he might bestow his idle time, or communicate his youthful thoughts. But if you intend, that by Travel all vanities should be cast off, it seems not so likely and admirable, because he shall walk through many ill examples, and great liberty. Another Proposition distinguished. They are but frail merits that you shall bestow upon young mens friendship. 'Tis true, if you satisfie those desires which are like to depart with their youth; As, gaming, fasting, idle sporting; you are like to be cast off with these toys, and forgotten. But if your deserts be in more exercises, learned conferences, and civil friendly offices, the remembrance thereof will increase as fast as their discretion.

So much for *Distinction*; Next follows **DEFINITION**.



**ITION**, which is the shortest and truest exposition of the nature of any thing; hereof you have examples of all vertues in *Aristotles Morals*, of passions in his *Rhetorique*, of many affections and perturbations in *Tusculan's Questions*, and *Cicero, de Finibus*, as the general definition of vertue is this, **VIRTUS EST HABITUS RATIONI CONSENTANEUS**. *Virtue is a quality seated in Reason.* Fear is an apprehension of future harm. Thrift is a moderate and laudable increase of wealth, by careful government of your own estate. Complement is a performance of affected Ceremonies in words, looks and gestures. Where Definition runs into division of seven or eight wayes. Of Definition you may read *Valerius his Logick*. But (to be most perfectly instructed) read the Sixth Book of *Aristotles Top.* Your Definitions need be no more tyed to the Rules of Logicians, than your Divisions: The matter is sometimes illustrated by Periphrasis: As, *spur'd his Horse apace*; made his *spur* claim bawle of his *Horse*. A man not to be contemned; nor a man over whom contempt might make any just challenge. Snorting lowd; snorting so lowd, that no man might lay the stealing of a nap to his charge. But of Paraphrasis and Periphrasis more severally.

Sometimes a Parenthesis makes your Discourse more graceful and intelligible: As, Tell me ingenuously (if there be any ingenuity in you) whether, &c. That what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of Reason stretch) was all directed to the setting forth of his friend. Till the next morning (better known to be so by the Hour-glass, than the dayes cleareness) having run fortune, &c. And indeed all Parentheses are in extremis, either graces or foyles to a Speech. If they be long, they seem interruptions, and therefore at the

the end of them must be a retreat to the matter, called **ANTANACLASIS**. As, *Assure thy self most wicked Woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind, as that thou canst not keep thy sickness to thy self, but must most maliciously infect others) Assure thy self, I say, &c. Shall that heart (which does not only feel them, but hath all motion of his life placed in them) Shall that heart, I say, &c.*

**DIVISION** is a severing the whole into parts, as of time into that past, present, and to come (which is rather a breathing, than a *Division*) into supream or subordinate. From their order; beasts or unreasonable creatures, into those of the *Air, Water, Earth*; Love is either of beauty, or of *virtue*. From the object. Study is of *Liberal, or Mathematick Science*. And so you may divide as many ways as things may differ; as by their beginnings, endings, properties, marks, effects, times, tunes, places, forms, persons, in whom they are, and howsoever, which properly belongs to *Logick*; yet something is spoken thereof, in our second way of *Amplification*. Out of *Divisions* arise three several inforcements and manifestations of your purpose, which (though by *Rhetoricians* diversly handled and termed) yet are they in effect grounded upon the Art of *Distribution*.

The first is *Expedition*, which (touching upon divers parts) destroyes all but that, on which you mean to rest; As, *One of these courses must be taken, either you must distinctly observe and practise these Rules, or deny you ever received instructions, or alladge want of capacity in your self, or want of use of them in your life. That they are not necessary, you cannot say, for what more necessary in your life, than to write well? That you are incapable, is a slander, and a contradiction to your own conscience, and my experience, that*

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hath seen such fair essayes of your endeavours. And to say you had never any directions, were to give your two eyes the lye, and to make me believe, I did never but dream your good. Therefore must your labour conspire with my inventions, and so must you unavoidably become skilful. This is *Enumeration* and *Inference*, whereupon is that which the Logicians call *Induction*, as in reckoning up. It is neither that, nor this; therefore this. And as one merrily saith, It is the Dogs Syllogisme in a cross way, or that, or that, But I smell him not this way, nor this way; therefore he runs on his conclusion the third way without smelling.

The second of this sort is *PROSOPODOSIS*, that overthrowes no part of the Division, but returns some part to each member. In *Arcadia* thus, Heretofore I accused the Sea, condemned the Pyrats, and bated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee: But now thyself art the Sea, thyself the Pyrat, and thy wilt the evil fortune — Time at one instant seeming short and long to them, short in the pleasingness of such presence, and long in stay of their desires — Your silence must carry with it a construction of contempt, unkindness or displeasure: If you take me not for your friend, you offer unkindness; if you deem me unworthy an answer, it proceeds of contempt; if your passion defers a Reply, it argues displeasure. The first of these denied all parts, save one; this affirms and keeps all sides up. The last is *Dilemma*, which proposes two sides, and overthrowes both ability and will to write well: for to say I cannot, is Childish; and I will not, is Womanish.

## PERIPHRAISIS and PARAPHRASIS.

There is in the best Writers oftentimes a vain of stile, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleased, and know not wherewith. For they admire this most, that there is some excellency in it, and yet they themselves suspect it exceeds their admiration. In some examples I would gladly discover the reason hereof: It cannot be, if either the meaning of the words be obscure, or unfamiliar to a mans understanding, the speech so composed, should be so accepted: And yet 'tis possible there may be some extraordinary fancy in ordinary words; and plain meaning, how then shall we determine? It is as in many usual Dishes at a Table, both eyes and taste give them commendation, not for the substance, but for the dressing and service. What plainer meaning than *sleep among Thieves*? And verily *sleep, life, trust and Thieves*, are common English words; yet is it no common way of speaking, to say, *To trust a sleeping life among Thieves*. In the same sense, when they had *slept a while*, is ordinary; but when they had *a while bearkned to the perswasion of sleep*, is extraordinary. Though all the words of it by themselves are most known and familiar; yet the ordering and fetch of it is strange and admirable to the ignorant; We therefore call it *Periphrasis*, or *Circumlocution*, and it is much helped by *Metaphors*, as before: *inclined to sleep* is exprest by a *Metaphor* taken from one who moves and inclines by perswasions. But let us have one Combat more with our adversary *sleep*; for, *having risen early, having striven with the Suns earliness*. Instead of *Mopsa wept ill-favouredly*, *Mopsa disgraced weeping with her countenance*, instead of saying, *They that guard*  
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ed Amphialus, were killed themselves; its said, seeking to save him, they lost the fortresses, which Nature had planted them in. Instead of Plangue speech began to suspected, it is said Plangue speech began to be translated into the language of suspicion. Thus purposely did Sir Philip write, to keep his style from flatness. As being to name a Thresher, he calls him one of Ceres servants, instead of his name was known to high and low; he saith, no Prince could pretend highness, nor Beggar lowness, to bar him from the sound thereof. And this is by going **A CONCRETO AD ABSTRACTUM**, and divers other ways.

If a short ordinary sense be oddly express'd by more words, it is *Periphrasis*; but, if by as many other, it is *Paraphrasis*; As, manifest oaths, plentiful perjury. To make a great shew of himself. To make a muster of himself in the Island: for kill any married man; make his sword cursed by any widow, which is by consequence; seeking by courtesie to undo him. Making courtesie the out-side of mischief, by *Similitude* or *Metaphor*; so then the course is, instead of any ordinary words importing a trivial matter, to take the abstracts, or some consequence, similitude, note, property or effect, and thereby express it. These two figures serve for *Illustration*.

It is sometimes requisite for gaining life and lustre in your discourse, to represent some unexpected strangeness, besides the tenor of your Theme or Story; and, as it were, to act your meaning; which is done either by feigning the presence, or the discourse of some such persons, as either are not at all; or if they be, yet speak not but by your imagination. The first is by *Apostrophe* or *Prosopopeia*.

**APOSTROPHE** is a turning of your speech to some new person, as to the people or witnesses, when it was before to the Judges or Defendant: As, Here

in you Witnesses are to consult with your own consciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his Speeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the action? To the people thus, Now let me intreat any man here present, that thinks himself not exempted from misfortunes, and priviledged from all mischiefs, to imagine himself in my case, and to undertake for my sake some few thoughts of my distress. Sometimes the occasion is taken from some quality or other thing, whereto your self gives shew of life; As, Hope tell me, what hast thou to hope for? Love be ashamed to be called Love. But to animate, and make dead men speak, is PROSOPOPOEIA; As, If your Ancestors were now alive, and saw you defacing so goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not say thus—&c. And as Sir Philip Sidney gives sense and speech to the Needle and Silk in Pamela's hands, as learning, as a lilly, as death it self is feigned to live, and make a speech.

Another way of clearing and reviving your Discourse, is by deliberating, by entering into communication, by preventing and answering objections. In deliberating sometimes you are amazed; As, Whom shall I blame? what shall I pretend? shall I make learning hateful to you by my reprehensions? shall I make my silence necessary to your idleness? It is not in my power, it is not in my discretion to reform it. Under this figure are Philoclea's wishes of Zelmane.

There is another kind of Deliberation, which proposes many things with intricating or intangling a mans self: As, Nothing can assure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you discontinue the study of speaking well. For suppose you marry into some worthy Family; suppose they enrich you with some new friends; may not a vein of thriving rob me of  
your



your acquaintance? may not I lose you? nay, may not you lose your self in a labyrinth of worldly cares? Sometimes we enter into Communication; As, Were it your case, what would you answer? Tell me, I appeal to your secret thoughts. Your friend hath esteemed better of his own stomach, than of the eternal love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the tryal of his valor, before the regard of both your credits, which must dye, however either or both of you survive the Combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?

Prevention of an objection hath two figures; the one is *Occupatio*, the other *Subjectio*.

*Occupatio* is thus, You will say to me, that in a factious Countrey it is the only policy to stand neutral. I say, not, unless many circumstances help you; viz. These, if none of your friends be entred into the quarrel. If you be assured that your wealth and discretion is equal to the best. If there be a likelihood to scatter the reliance on both sides, and make a new park, then it is wisdom to stand aloof a while, that if you please, you may add the victory to which side you will. But having declared your self, you intend to be upright; you will grow contemptible, you offer reconciliation; your strength will forsake you, you dispraise your adversaries; you will be deemed envious. You commend his wisdom; you betray your own weakness: praise then his wealth, his Ancestors, his beauty, his pleasures; but praise not his foresight, nor his valor. Are you Judge among your neighbours and inferiours? be precisely just and rightful. Are you assistant to your friend? be advisedly and thoroughly partial. You would be courted liberal? testifie it seldom; but if publickly, worthily. You would thrive in bargaining; let your transactions be private; for many small breaches of conscience  
are

are more infamous than one great one. But offend not your conscience willingly to be Treasurer of all the Indian Mines. Thus, you see how Counsels, Precepts and Sentences may be translated into the form of *Occupatio* and *Subjectio*. Sometimes *Occupatio* is left out, and an Argument brought to the contrary; as *Cecropia* perswading her son *Amphiaraus* to offer violence to *Philoctetes*, presupposed that he would say, He must be modest: she replies, Each virtue hath his time, the Soldier that should march foremost, must not give way for modesty. There is *Occupatio* and *Subjectio* in *Arcadia*; if she condemned, then thus—if otherwise, then, &c. Did I walk abroad to see my delight? my walking was the delight it self. He saw her alive; he was glad to see her alive. He saw her weep; he was sorry to see her weep. He heard her comfortable speeches: nothing more joyful.

This figure cannot be out of season, unless purposely; as it was in the fustian speech: You listen to my speeches, I must needs confess it; you hearken to my words; I cannot deny it; you look for some sense; I partly believe it: But you find none; I do not much regard it.

There is another figure, which hath been called by the name of *Concessio*; but I mean to mistake *Occupatio* and *Concessio*, one for the other, till I can distinguish them better. The form of *Concessio* is this, I admit you are resolute; I grant your determination is immoveable, but it is in things against your friends, judgments; and in things against your own honour and profit.

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## EPITHETES.

**E***pitbetes* do much embellish stile or discourse, yet they must be used (according to the comparison of *Demosthenes*) as sauce or seasoning, which whet the appetite, since they cannot pass for solid viands: otherwise in his opinion, there can be nothing more flat, and of less grace. *Quintilian* resembles a discourse, which is stuffed too full of *Epithetes* to an Army, wherein there are not more souldiers for service, than boyes for attendance; and which is, by that means, rendred very great in number, but weak in force and courage. Conform to this is that of *Longinus*, who advises that we moderately use such *Epithetes*, as are not too high swoln, nor far fetched, but such as are apposite to the subject. In these latter refined dayes, we have a kind of compound *Epithetes*, annexed to a Noun with a *Proche* or Division (as the Printers call it) which are much used in Poetry, and sometimes in Prose: of which let me give you some examples, and so leave them.

*The Quiver-bearing Meads.*  
*The Tempest-tossed Seas.*  
*The Wool-ore-burthened Sheep.*  
*The Meadow-loving Sorrel.*  
*A Horror-stricken Mind.*  
*The Earth-encircling Ocean.*  
*An Heaven-inspired Art.*  
*Sense-distracting Grief.*  
*Fancy-pleasing Faces.*

The

The Pine-plow'd Sea.  
 The Green-mantled Earth.  
 Soul-subduing Grief.  
 A Heaven-fall'n Star.  
 A Self-condemning Mind.  
 An un-sun-seen Cave.  
 Love-distilling Tears.  
 This Heaven displeasing War.  
 Liver-scalding Lust.  
 Marble-hearted Cruelty.  
 Time beguiling Pleasure.  
 This Blood-be-dabbed Kingdom.  
 People-pleasing Lectures.  
 Corner-haunting Lust.  
 A Life-conferring Form, &c.

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*Formula*

FORMULÆ MAJORES,  
OR,  
COMMON PLACES.

*Absence.*



S thou art the food of my thoughts,  
the relief of my wishes, and the  
only life and repast of all my de-  
sires : So is thy love to me a con-  
tinual hunger, and thy absence an  
extream famine.

In absence my grief grows, in  
finding my present estate so weak in fortune, and  
my deserts so slender in nature ; that not knowing  
with *Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I only  
rest with *Anthony*, to dye for my *Cleopatra*.

Tell him my love burns like vestal fire, which  
( with his memory, richer than all spices ) disper-  
seth odours round about my Soul, and did refresh it,  
when 'twas dull and sad with thinking of his ab-  
sence.

He more breathed *A. B.* than the Ayre it self,  
and all her absences were to him so many deaths.

I want no part of welfare, but your wished pre-  
sence.

The love he bare her at her return, was as a torrent ( which after it has a long time been restrained ) breaks the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuouſneſs drowns the fields. *Holy Court.*

Hoping forgetfulneſs ( which commonly waits upon abſence ) might poſſeſs him, he departed.

Since your abſence, melancholly hath been my Concomitant, and your remembrance my greateſt comfort.

I departed from you, like a hungry Infants pull'd from his Nurſes breaſt, or a thirſty Hart chaſed from a ſweet fountain.

Live, I pray, in reſpoſe, as much as you may, during this abſence; and if my being away cauſes ſorrow in you, let the aſſurance of my affection diminiſh it.

— Forced a tedious ſeparation of thoſe ſacred Bodies, whoſe Souls are entirely link'd in di-  
vine affection.

### *Acknowledgment.*

**M**Y acknowledgment of your favours ſhall appear in my willingneſs to do you Service.

— And my ſelf ſhall not only acknowledge this favour with humbleſt thankfulneſs, but, &c.

The acknowledgment of your favours ſhall be my meaneſt thanks; and to thank you for thoſe favours, muſt be my beſt acknowledgment: I can do no more, I will do no leſs.

They acknowledge ( with more or leſs degrees of homage ) ſome kind of fealty.

— It ſhall not be without a juſt confeſſion of the bond your benefits have, and ever ſhall hold upon me.

*Affection*



## Affection.

**T**He construction of his speech might best be made by the Grammer Rules of affection.

It is the flaming agony of affection, that works the chilling access of your fever.

The Coals of his affection were so kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that —

Suffering neither his unworthiness nor his wrongs to cover with forgetfulness, or diminish with consideration, the affection he had born him.

—— To whom with words ( which affection endited, but amazement uttered ) he delivered ——

—— ( Looking down upon her from the high top of affections Tower. )

If you retain as yet any spark of affection ( which you have often given me witness of ) kiss this paper in remembrance of him, who, &c.

My affections no less love the light and witness, than they have conscience of your vertue.

The high-tide of, overflowing affection restraining his tongue with astonishment, as unable to express an unexpressable passion.

The blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tyde of affection.

He grafted his affection in the stock of her constancy.

( Testimonies of a never silent hearty affection. )

But perceiving his affection so grounded, that striving against it, did more anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendship in question, than give place to any friendly Counsel.

The large Testimony of your affection, makes

me willing to suppress a great Number of Errors.

She in an instant was made an unfortunate winter of affection.

To intrinsecate my self in your affection.

My affection shall find no parallel in its well-wishes to you.

The tender tinder of his affection began to sparkle.

Striving to match her matchless beauty, with a matchless affection.

He (whose affection climed by another stair.)

In true affection, two so become one, as they both become two. *Rel. Med.*

—— You, in whom my aff. & ion holds a steady mansion.

Nor life, nor death shall divorce my affection from you.

Upon what Bryars the Roses of his affection grow.

I conjure you to this by my affection, that never had equal. *Ar.*

The sight of this place calls my thoughts to appear at the Court of affection, held by that racking Seward Remembrance.

These lines represent, in the poverty of *fancy*, the riches of my affection.

—— Good offices are the marks and cement of true affection. *H. C.*

—— The heart is the Continent of affection, which flows uncompelled.

*Anger.*

*Anger.*

**A**nger is the fever of the Soul, which makes the tongue talk idle : it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counsel speaks ; 'tis a raging sea, a troubled water, that cannot be wholesome for the use of any. *Feltham.*

— They are things below the merit of my indignation ; objects of scorn, which, a little slighted, and not inflamed by opposition, or countenanced to a reply by confutation, will, within a while of themselves extinguish and vanish, like some dispersed roving winds, which without encounter are despirited and dye. *Doctor Watts upon Bacon.*

*Beauty.*

**T**hen was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane beauty, and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers.

Beauty consists in complexion, in lineaments, and in harmony.

You are the most excellent star that shines in the bright element of Beauty.

Some became Petitioners and Prisoners to her Beauty, others did homage to her Vertues.

Beauty is to be reckoned, but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath bestowed.

The Idol of Beauty ought not to be honoured with such oblations.

My eyes drank much more eagerly of her Beauty, than my mouth did of any other liquor.

Her face is such a spark of beauty, as is able to enflame a World of love.

— She, who in a definite compass, can set forth infinite beauty.

The excellency of her returned beauty, was a credible Ambassador of her health.

Where beauty is, there needs no other plea.

Sell not your Soul for such a vanity as eye-pleasing beauty.

Virtue is nothing else but inward beauty; and beauty nothing else but an outward virtue.

*Bacon.*

Making her beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyness of his —

— Two Sisters, about whom, as about two Poles, the sky of beauty was turned.

Rather than those eyes should overflow their own beauties, or the sky of your beauty should be over-clouded with sorrow, I will —

Beauty in the heaven of her face (two Suns eclipsed) was wrapped up in paleness.

Beauty which had no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and catch nothing. *Eustafius.*

Beauty is like the herb *Larix*, cool in the water, but hot in the stomach.

I cannot but applaud the wonder of your beauty.

Such is the divine power of loves deity, such the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and such the happy issue of our decreed destiny.

Beauty without chastity, is like a Mandrake Apple, comely in shew, but poysonful in taste.

I must accuse my self of presumption, for daring to consider any moles in that face, which you had marked for a beauty. *Sir K. D.*

—— A beauty, which alwayes with too eloquent a tongue did dictate tacite perswasions to his heart.

What a fair vestment is to a deformed body, the same is a comely body to a deformed mind.

*Bacon.*

A fair Soul in a fair body, is a River that windingly creepeth with many wary turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and ravisheth the whole World with the admiration of its excellency.

Beauty in it self is such a silent Orator, as ever is pleading for respect and liking, and by the eyes of others is ever sending to their hearts for love.

*Feltham.*

The modest sweetness of a liliated face ——

Beauty is the wit of nature put into the frontispiece.

I have seen (and yet not with a partial eye) such features, and such mixtures, as I have thought impossible for either nature to frame, or art to counterfeit: yet in the same face, I have seen that which hath out-gone them both, the countenance. Oh! if such glory can dwell with corruption, what Celestial excellencies are there in the Saints above? Who would not gaze himself into admiration, when he shall see so rich a treasure in so pure a Cabinet, unmatched vertue in matchless beauty? *Feltham.*

What is temporal beauty, but a transitory charm, an illusion of senses, a voluntary imposture, a slave of pleasure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a dial on which we never look, but whilst the Sun shines on it? What is humane beauty, but a dunghil covered with snow, a glass painted with false colours, a prey pursued by many dogs, a dangerous hostess in a frail house, a sugred fruit in

a feast, which some dare not touch for respect, and others gormandize through sensuality? Go; trust so fading a good: Go; betake you to so unhappy a snare, Go; tye your contentments to so slippery a knot, what else will betide you but to court a phantasie, which, loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions?  
*H. Court.*

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*Blush.*

**A**S she spake that word, her Cheeks in red Letters writ more than her Tongue did speak.

As the wonder strove to make her pale, warm love fortify'd her Cheeks with guilty blushes.

— At whose presence a fresh vermillion dye bestowed a new complexion on her.

---

*Company.*

**H**is pleasing company did beguile the times haste, and shortned the wayes length.

Why will you give me, with so sparing a hand, the riches of your presence?

---

*Constancy.*

**S**He—whose constancy neither time nor absence (the moths of affection) nor, what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter. — He,



— He who signed his faith with the seal of his constancy.

Be but thou as constant a friend to my mind, as thou shalt be a true possessor of my heart, and I shall have as just a cause of joy, as thou no cause of doubt.

Though the surging Sea hath moved the humors of my body, yet it hath not power to change the inclinations of my mind; for I love you no less at *Antwerp* (where I am arrived) than I did at *London*, &c.

He continued, alwayes constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm.

Constancy is the foundation of vertue. *Bacon*.

Fortune is like *Procrus*, if you persist, she returns to her true shape. *Bacon*.

### Comparisons.

**T**His comfort in danger was but like the honey *Sampson* found in the Lyons Jawes, or like lightning in a foggy Night.

Resolved he was not to touch the forbidden fruit, nor drink on *Circes* Cup; he would not with the Spider, suck poyson out of a fair flower.

In the greenest Grass is the greatest Serpent: In the clearest water the ugliest Toad: In the most curious Sepulchre are inclosed rotten bones: The Ostrich carries fair feathers, but rank flesh.

As there has been an unchaste *Helen* in *Greece*, so also a chaste *Penelope*; As there has been a prodigious *Pasiphae*, so has there been a goodly *Theocrita*.

*Hippomanes* ceased to run when she had gotten the.

the Goal: *Hercules* to labour, when he had obtained the victory: *Mercury* to pipe, when he had cast *Argus* in a slumber; every action has his end.

Each Book sent into the World, is like a Bark put to Sea, and as liable to censures, as the Bark is to foul weather. *Herbert*,

Like the City *Mindus*, whose Gates were so big, the City might go out of them.

Which like the flaming two-edged waving Sword of the *Cherub* cuts asunder on all sides, whatever opposes it. *Cressy's Exomologesis*.

Like the stone that grows in the River of *Curia*, which the more it is cut, the more increaseth.

There is no Iron but will be softened with the fire; so, no, &c. —

As a fair flower nipt with the morning frost, hanging down his head, is much sorry for his declining glory. —

When the *Halcions* hatch, the Sea is calm; and the *Phoenix* never spreads her wings, but when the Sun shines on her Nest. So —

Like the *Spaniel*, which gnaws upon the Chain that ties him; but sooner mairs his teeth, than procures liberty. —

Consider that the heavenly Sun disdains not to give light, and shine on the smallest Worm.

— In this 'tis so evident, that I will not light the Sun with a rush Candle.

He commends unto us a golden Chain of Christian perfections, consisting of these links, Faith, *Verue*, Patience, &c.

We can expect but *Polyphemus* courtesie, to be last devoured.

*Romes* Capitol was not built in one day; nor was *Zenxis Helena* suddenly limn'd with one pencil.

They

They have long sported in the blood and treasure of the land, as the *Leviathan* in the waters.

His mind was all this while so fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more marked his friends discourse, than the Child that has leave to play, marks the last part of his Lesson, or the diligent Pilot in a Tempest attends the unskilful words of a Passenger.

She trembled like the unlickt lamb newly yearn'd upon a sheet of snow.

My expression is but like a Picture drawn with a Cole, wanting those lively Colours which a more skilful Pen might give it.

It is the Decree of Heaven, That every Composition here beneath, as well fram'd by the hand of Art, as fashion'd by the help of Nature, should sustain some imperfection; for Glass hath its lead, gold its dross, corn its chaffe, *Helen* her mole, the Moon her spots, and the Sun its shade. *Spa. Bard.*

Like the Sun that illuminates the whole Aire, if no cloud or solid opacous body intervene.

— Did make no more impressions on him, than an Arrow on a rock of Adamant.

— More impure than the stable of *Augur*.  
H. C.

As pensive as the Night.

— You, as cruel as the Duke of *Muscovia*, named *Basilides*, who commanded from his subjects a tribute of Sweat, and Nightingals in the midst of Winter. *H. Court.*

If thou be as hot as Mount *Ætna*, feign thyself as cold as the hill *Caucasus*; carry two faces in one hood.

As ingenious *Cicero* could pick gold out of *Ennius's* dung; so may —

His Fetters (like King Agrippa's golden Chain)  
more became him, than his Imperial Diadem.

As liberal as the Sun which shines on all.

Like *Æsop's* Crow, prank't up in borrowed  
feathers.

### *Descriptions.*

— **H**E was even ravished with contentment,  
in beholding those goodly Palaces, where  
was seen an admirable Consort of Art and Nature,  
so many Halls, so well furnish'd within; such rich  
hangings, such most exquisite pictures, such mar-  
bles, such gilding; And without, Mountains, which  
make a natural Theatre, rapistred without Art, to  
surpass all workmanship; Forrests, which seem born  
with the World; hedges and knots curiously cut, al-  
leys and mazes, where both eyes and feet are lost;  
Rivers, which creep along with silver purlings a-  
bout gardens, enamel'd with most fragrant flowers;  
Caverns replenished with a sacred horror, grotts  
and fountains, which gently gliding, contend with  
the warble of Birds, and so many other spectacles,  
which at first sight astonish spirits, and never sati-  
ate. *H. C.*

— There were Hills which garnish'd their proud  
heights with Trees, humble Valleys, whose low e-  
state seem'd comforted with refreshing of silver  
Rivers, Meadows enamel'd with all sorts of eye-  
pleasing flowers, thickets, which being lined with  
most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the  
chearful disposition of many well tun'd birds, each  
pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober securi-  
ty, while the pretty Lambs, with bleating Oratory,  
craved

craved the Damms comfort ; here a Shepherds boy piping, as though he should never be old ; there a young Shepherdess knitting, and withall singing, and her hands kept time to her voyces musick ; a shew as it were of an accompaniable solitariness, and of a civil wildness. *Arcadia.*

— Neither are the Gardens to be omitted, which for their largeness, have the face of a Forrest, for their variety, of a Paradise ; here Cypres Groves, there walks with Statues ; here a Sea of fountains, there Swans, Ostriches, and other recreative creatures. *Mer. Ital.*

— It is a place, which now humbling it self in fallowed Plains, now proud in well-husbanded Hills, marries barren Woods to cultivated Valleys, and joins neat Gardens to delicious Fountains, &c.

— To render a perfect and lively image of this excellent piece, and speak of its colours in the original, cannot be better accomplished, than in the resembling it to the surprizing artifice of some various Scenes, curious landship, or delicious prospect, where sometimes from the cragginess of inaccessible Rocks, uneven and horrid Precipices ( such as are to be found respecting those admirable plains of *Lumbardy* ) there breaks and divides ( as the wandering Traveller approaches ) a passage to his eyes down into some goodly and luxurious valley, where the trembling serpentine of some Christal Rivelet, fringed with the curious diaper of the softer meadows, the umbrage and harmonious warbling of the cooler groves, the frisking and lowing of the wandering Cattle, the exuberant festoons of a bountiful Autumn, the smiling Crops of a hopeful Harvest, and all the youth and pride of a chearful Spring, conspire to create a new Paradise, and recompence

compence him the pains of so many difficult access. Mr. Evelyn.

### Death.

**D**Eath is that inconsiderable atome of time that divides the body from the Soul, &c.

*Scaliger* defines it to be the *Cessation of the souls functions.*

When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus* what Death was, he answered in these several truths, It is a sleep eternal, the bodies dissolution, the rich mans fear, the poor mans wish, an event inevitable, an uncertain journey, a thief that steals away man, sleeps father, lifes flight, the departure of the living, and the resolution of all.

*Death* had no sooner absented him from her eyes, but forgetfulness drew him out of her heart.

When we once come in sight of the port of death, to which all winds drive us; and when by letting fall that fatal Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of this life takes end: Then it is, I say, that our own cogitations (those sad and severe cogitations formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again, and pay us to the uttermost for all the pleasing passages of our lives past. Sir *Wa. Rawleigh*.

*Death* deprived me of my paradized blifs, and not only made my broken heart the sad habitation of woe, but also turned my mind (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

Torches made of Aromaticque wood, cast out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almost wasted:



wasted: So the vertuous *A.* made all the good odors of her life evaporate in the last instant of her death.

That he is dead, — As if she now scorn'd life, *Death* lends her Cheeks his paleness, and her eyes tell down their drops of silver to the earth, wishing her tears might rain upon his grave, to make the gentle earth produce some flower should bear his name and memory.

— She (prostrated on the body of her Lover) sought in his eclipsed eyes and dead lips, the remnant of her life.

I shall not be unwilling to suffer a Goal-delivery of my Soul from the prison of my body, when I am called to it.

— Delivered up to the immortality of another World, This deadly shaft passing through him, so wounded me, that I my self was arriv'd within few paces of the Land of darkness. In his silent marble, the best part of that small portion of joy I had in the World; but all my hopes are entombed.  
*Wats in Ba. Preface.*

(Drawing near the Confines of *Deaths* Kingdom)

*Death* frees a man from misery, and wafts him to the Haven of his happiness. *Her.*

As soon as *Death* hath played the Midwife to our second birth, our Soul shall then see all truths more freely, than our corporal eyes at our first birth see all bodies and colours. *Sir K. D.*

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### *Desire.*

**I**F you desire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquisites of *Desire*, I will tell you, It

is a strange Countrey, whereto the prodigal Child sailed, when he forsook his fathers house to undertake a banishment; a Countrey where corn is still in grass; Vines in the bud; Trees perpetually in blossom, and Birds alwayes in the shell; you neither see corn, fruit, nor anything fully shaped, all is there only in expectation: It is a Countrey full of Figures, Phantasms, Illusions and hopes, which are dreams without sleep. A Countrey where the Inhabitants are never without fevers, one is no sooner gone, but another comes into its place. There dwells Covetousness, a great Woman, meager, lean, starv'd, having round about her, a huge swarm of winged boyes, of which some are altogether languishing, others cast her a thousand smiles, as she passeth along; upon her self she hath an infinite number of Horse-leeches, which suck upon her to the marrow. Time looks on her afar off, and never comes near her, shewing her an enchanted Looking-glass, wherein she sees a thousand and a thousand false colours, which amuse her, and when she has sported enough, she has nothing to dinner but smoke. *Holy Court.*

Albeit you can no wayes quench the Coals of *Desire* with forgetfulness, yet rake them up in the ashes of modesty.

As *Pharaoh* longed to know his dream, so desired he to ———

*Desire* (the Nurse of perseverance), gave him wings to make the more speed.

Thus wishing my deserts still sutable to my desires, and my desires ever pleasing to your deserts.

— More ready in desire, than able in power to serve you.

— Then which nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires.

— And

— And with you as full of good fortune, as I am of desire.

She staid not long in the suburbs of her foolish desires.

*Desire* is a wind, that against the tyde can carry us merrily; with it, makes us flee. *Feltham.*

*Desire* so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that —

### *Desert.*

**H**ow much my small deserts are overballanced by your unspeakable goodness?

— You, whose desert passeth my best endeavours of requital.

— It flies to the sacred Altar of your immutable goodness, set off with all the additions of greatness, which nature or affection can throw upon unmatched desert.

— This is the hard fate my just merit hath encountred.

— It is a matter so far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without presumption.

### *Despair.*

**T**he fire of my affection was blown by the bellows of despair.

Despair of success was the Herse of his supposed idle thoughts.

Love wanting desire, makes the mind desperate, and fixed fancy, bereft of love, turns into fury.

*My*

My Lords! I speak to minds too noble to be stifled in the narrow confines of fear; follow your Prince, whose vertue the spight of fortune shall not wrack into despair.

Whilst I wear a hand, commanded by a heart, that knows no fear, I shall not despair of —

### *Displeasure.*

**Y**our displeasure is so contrary to my desert, and your words so far beyond all expectations, that I have least ability, now I have most need, to speak in the cause on which my life depends.

What has your poor servant deserved, to have his own misfortune loaden with your displeasure?

### *Eloquence.*

**E**loquence is a way of speech prevailing over those whom we design it prevail; that is, if we will make it in the short or Laconick way, a distilling her notions into a quintessence, or forming all our thoughts in a Cone, and smiting with the point, &c. Mr. Hall in his Epistle before Longinus.

— A man, who (filling the Sails of Eloquence) as easily moved his Auditors, as winds do the sands of *Lybia*, which stir at their pleasure.

His Speech appeared in costly robes, adorned with leffy and glorious language, sweetned by many a pleasant and clear Simile, quickned by divers acute and learned Criticisms; my Cabinet enshrineth no such treasure.

I much admire the very Character of your style, which seems to me to have not a little of the *African Idea* of *St. Austins* age, full of sweet raptures, and of researched conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you (I know not how) with a certain equal facility. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

Though I have not Eloquence enough to win, yet I hope to find language enough to persuade.

He was dazzled with the brightness of her aspects; but when she began to unloose her tongue, never was *Syren* so attractive with songs, as she with words.

—Tis a speech wherein the abundance of super-eminent conceits choaks not the grace, nor doth curiosity take any thing from the propriety thereof.

— Your manner of speech is indeed Prince-like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet streaming and branching it self into various orders; full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable of any. *Bacon.*

Your conceptions are inimitable, your language sweet and polite, your sentences are full of weight, your arguments of force, and your words glide along like a River, and ever bear in them some flashes of lightning.

How greedily my ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered.

Were not your affections stronger tyed to the Orator, than the Oratory, I should not hope to persuade you, that — *Her.*

— He, with a fearless fashion, thus bespake the audience.

— Every accent falls like a fresh jewel to increase her value.

— His masculine Eloquence was thought worthiest to.

to enjoy the maidenhead of the Cities attention.—  
— Forcibly won by the smooth artifice of speech.

It is no small dominion the imagination hath in persuasions, insinuated by the power of Eloquence.  
*Bar.*

His Style was an elegant perspicuity rich of phrase.  
*Sir Hen. Watton.*

You have truly found out the Philosophers stone; for every gross matter you can convert into the gold of fine language.

Eloquence does commonly *form* the mind of the Auditor, and at length *take* him in.

### Entertainment.

**I** Want expression to give you the circumstance with what a flowing love, or rather with what glad devotion I entertain you. *Grat. Ser.*

— You much honour me; for till this white hour, these walls were never proud to enclose a guest, the *Genius* of my house is, by so great a presence, waked, and glories to entertain you.

Could this roof be capable of ill, your only presence (*Lady*) would convert it; there is a virtuous magick in your eye; for wheresoe'er it casts a beam, it creates a goodness.

I am much confounded for this honor you do me. *Madam*, but yet I am more ashamed to see you in a place, where vertue never entred, but in your attendance. *Ariana.*

Y<sup>e</sup> are each of you a various Banquet, where a breathing sweetness feasts the Spectators, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding, and from beholding to enjoying. *Am. War.*

Your presence is restorative.

*Friend.*



## Friendship.

**A**S passion hath been well said to be friendship run mad; so friendship may be properly stiled sober passion, as having all the spirit and cordiality of the wine of love, without the offensive fumes and vapors of it. *Mr. Montague* in his *Miscellanea*.

The love of men to women, is a thing common, and of course; but the friendship of man to man, is infinite and immortal. *Plato*.

The words of a friend joined with true affection, give life to the heart, and comfort to a care-oppressed mind. *Chylo*.

The mutual habitude of no intermitting friendship between us, hath strongly confirmed—

(Receiving so dear witnesses of your friendship.)

The resemblance of their beauties and wits, joined their souls together, and soon after, that of their fortunes made this friendship perfect. *Mr. C*

— (Which your friendship rather finds, than I acknowledge.)

Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similiary Souls shall blend in their commixions, *Feltham*.

As nothing unites more than a reciprocal exchange of affection, so nothing hinders the knot of friendship, more than apparent neglect of courtesies.

Friendship a diligent officer, takes care to see the bonds thereof fully executed.

Friendship is the Soul of humane society.

Friendship is a pleasant sauce to any temporal happiness. *Bacon*.

The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship.

## Gift.

**T**Ruly (Sir) I doubt whether is greater, the poverty of the *Gift*, or the boldness of the giver, whose true respects have encouraged him to this small expression of service.

I beseech you excuse me, that this Present is not correspondent to your merit.

Please to respect the enlarged heart of the giver, more than the quality of the gift; since the meanness of this, can only serve to express the well-meaning of the other.

## Haste.

**(B**Eing born away with the hasty Tyde of smallest leisure.)

— Going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind.

— With such haste (as if her ears hunted for words) desired to know —

## Hope.

**H**ope is the gate of a great Palace replenished with Riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* terms, *The Portcress of Nature*. It hath two Arms, with which it endeavours to pursue and embrace objects, whereof the one is called *desire*, and the other *belief*, to be able to obtain what one desireth, &c. *H. Court.*

The *Babylon* of worldly hopes shews it self in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find those desires, that were as pleasing as the dawning of the day (which at its first springing appears all over studded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at last, and are changed into the horrors of a sad tempest.

Humane life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than *Hope*. 'Tis the miserable mans god, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the presumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. *Hope* is to man as a bladder to a learning swimmer, &c. *Feltham*.

— The sight whereof made *Hope* (the Harbinger of happiness) to breath in her this pleasing comfort.

— Sweet, I see, is the hope that springs in the bud, but most sorrowfull I find is the hap that decays in the blossom.

Our teeming hopes will ever be delivered of a gracious birth.

— She whose weaker bowels were streight full with the least liquor of hope.

*Hope* is but the dream of a man awake.

You have blasted the harvest of my hopes.

### *Hypocrisie.*

**D**O not we know that *Hypocrisie* is the same thing to Vertue, which painting is to Faces, and that it is the very Moth which devours sanctity?

What doth not a plaistered Sanctity for the subversion of, the simple? What doth not a bad Servant,

vant, when once he possesseth the easie nature of his Master ?

### *Jealousie.*

**J**ealousie is a disease of the mind, proceeding from a fear which a man hath, that that thing is communicated to another, which he would not have common, but private to himself; it is also bred of that love which will not suffer a partner in the thing beloved.

Thereupon a furious jealousie, as if it had been breath'd from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle spirit, all the objects of what was past returned to thicken this black vapor, to frame a cloud thereof, and resolve it into a storm. *H. C.*

What is it that you should thus conceal from me? Be my ears unworthy, or my tongue suspected?

Love, as it is divine with Loyalty, so is it Hell with jealousie.

There can be no greater Tyranny than jealousie, whereby a man continually murders himself living.

All his actions began to be translated into the language of suspicion.

Jealousie is a Gin that we set to catch Serpents, which, as soon as we have caught them, sting us. *Feltham.*

Jealousie is the Canker of wedlock.

Jealousie continually studies the Anatomy of hearts, and shews great severity to the least defective part. *Montague.*

Reason ingenders love, and love jealousie; but the one and the other resemble little Worms, that corrupt the maker that forms them. *Mr. Mont.*

*Inconstancy.*

*Inconstancy.*

**I**Nconstancy is properly a levity and an irresolution of mind, which shews it self in his manners, actions and words, who is touched with it. To say truth, this passion is a Devil that inhabits a land of Quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetual, winds blow on each side, and blowing, make many weather-cocks turn too and fro, and every moment change posture. In this place an admirable creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, and is that she is not, so many faces and figures she hath. She likewise is still upon transformations, and seems to do nothing at all, but make and unmake her self. One while she is great, another while little; one while gross, another slender; one while affable, another while harsh; one while serious, another while gamesome, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if she came into a Theatre, cloathed one while in changeable Taffata, another while with different pieces, set together out of a singular fantastick addleness of wit. She alone represents all personages, talks with all kind of voices, and in all manner of languages, &c. *H. Court.*

*Ingratitude.*

**I**ngratitude challenges Revenge by custom, and is a Vice most hateful before God and Man.

Ingratitude deserves, that all the Elements with their best forces, should conspire in its avengement.

An unthankful man, is compared to a Vessel full of holes.

E.

Joy.

## Joy.

**J**Oy triumph't in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart, and in this Haven of happiness he would have swim'd still, but that —

Joyes had their fresh supplies, as if some golden dream had imparadised their thoughts with some glorious vision.

— Lifted up from a Hell of grief to a Heaven of joy.

Through how many restless Nights, and less restless thoughts do we encounter these sweet bitter joyes. And as the more we grasp the water into our hands, the less we hold; so is content the farther from us, the more we seek it in these fading glories of the World; which, like an *Ignis fatuus*, first light us through wild untrodden paths unto themselves, then through vast airy thoughts they lead us up to that precipice, from whence we fall, and there they leave us.

— This Charm reduc'd his passion to that contentment, brought his hopes to that height, and plac'd his Soul in a Heaven of such divine pleasures, that he was even ready to expire in this pleasing extatic.

O what a source of joy did then overflow her breast, that treasury of chaste delights!

The Sun ne're met the Summer with more joy.

## Letters.

**L**etters are the very thoughts of the heart, but once removed; where all the scapes of nature  
or



or breeding are most like to harbor. *Key of Cab.*

These Paper-presents are but weak reflections of stronger affections, yet being the best sacrifice of a friend, they deserve the higher place in your esteem.

Letters are the sweet communication of fancy, which have been always esteemed the best fuel of affection, and the very marrow of friendship.

Absence entertained by Letters full of confidence, is not always without its profit; for the Soul by the memory tastes what it has taken in by the understanding, and gives it self more leasure to recogitate its pleasure, which is not so well perceived, when presence drencheth the mind in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leasure to bethink it self. *H. C.*

If I write a Letter, I imagine Love gives me the Pen, that I dip it in my tears, that the paper is all over-filled with flowers of affection, and that I send my thoughts and sighs, as Courtiers, to seek out the well-beloved of my heart. *H. C.*

You have prostituted my chaste and holy Letters to the base adulteries of all common eyes.

Words are the images of cogitations. Letters are the images of words.

I will not load your ears with those frivolous impertinencies, which would swell this Letter beyond your patience.

An amorous Letter to a youthful heart, is a learned enchantment. The hooks of such Characters are artificial pick-lock Tools, to open the secret bolt of a heart. To see a leaf written, is like seeing an Army in the field; eye y line is, a file of men. Words give battel to the mind, and overcome it; for there is no force more powerful than that of words, to batter a mind. *Stratagica.*

*Loquacity.*

**L**oquacity is the Fistula of the mind, ever running, and almost incurable.

A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd Drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits.

*Love.*

**L**ove ( in the interpretation of the envious ) is *softness*; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men have given it the name of *Charity*; and these are but terms to this, which seems a more considerate definition, That indefinite *Love* is *Lust*; and *Lust* when it is determined to one, is *Love*. This definition too, does but intrude it self on what I was about to say, which is ( and spoken with soberness, though like a Lay-man ) that *Love* is the most acceptable imposition of nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body: But *Lust* ( our raging fever ) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Calenture in ships.

Love, like a burning-glass, contracts the dilated lines of Lust, and fixeth them upon one object.

*Adv. to a Son.*

Love ( in the most obnoxious interpretation ) is nature's preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life.

Love is an Empire only of two persons, which cannot be extended further without destruction, and in it obedience and sovereignty are reciprocal.

Love

Love in humane nature is both the source and centre of all passions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred rise first out of the spring of love. *Mr. Montague.*

To be in love, is the most intensive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to our design. *ibid.*

*Sensual love* is the most fatal plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the World; it hath the shiverings and heats of *Feavers*, the ache and prickings of the *Meagrim*, the rage of *Teeth*, the stupefaction of the *Vertigo*, the furies of *Frenzie*, the black vapors of the *Hypocondry*, the disturbances of the *Waking*, the stupidities of the *Lethargy*, the fits of the *Falling-sickness*, the faintness of the *Typhick*, the heaving of the passions of the heart, the pangs of the *Cholick*, the infections of the *Leprosie*, the venom of *Ulcers*, the malignity of the *Plague*, the putrifaction of the *Gangrene*, and all, which is horrible in nature. *Holy Court.*

Love! Care is thy Court, Tyranny thy Raign, Slaves thy Subjects, Folly thy Attendance, Lust thy Law, Sin thy Service, and Repentance thy Wages.

Fear breeds wit, anger is the cradle of courage, joy opens and enables the heart, sorrow weakens it; but love is ingendred betwixt lust and idleness, his companions are unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yieldings; the highest end it aspires to, is a little pleasure, with much pain before, and great repentance after.

At that time the flames of his chaste love began to burn more forcible than ever.

He loved her with a love, mingled with respect of merit and compassion of her persecuted innocency.

To love, is natural; not to love, is monstrous.

H. C.

E 3

Such

Such was the irresistible force of his unlimited affection, that in spite of Reason, he was enforced to do homage to passion.

Her love was a rich Rock of defence against all Syrene songs.

— It received such an impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to express the strange effects of it; they only know it, who inwardly feel it; it is called *Love*.

He besought him not to make account of his speech, which if it had been over-passionate, yet was it to be born withall, because it proceeded out of an affection much more vehement.

Humanity enjoins you to love me, seeing I hold my life an easie sacrifice to enjoy you.

It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

Worldly loves are the true Gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, surrounded with many bryars. *Christian Diary*.

A silent expression gives the pregnant'st testimony of a deep grounded affection, where every look darts forth love.

Nothing shall have power to alien my love from you.

Let me draw from your look one blush of love, or line of fancy.

Let me become an abject in the eyes of fame, an object of contempt to the world; if my faithful devotion and observance supply not all my defects.

I am he, who either you have great cause to love, or no cause to hate.

She loved him as the pledge-bearer of her heart.

You—towards whom I know not whether my love or admiration be greater.

Your affection hath got a Lordship in my thoughts.

Love

Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a resisting is a Tyrant.

(Sealing up all thoughts of love, under the image of her memory.)

The extream bent of my affection compells me to —

Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it daily forms a thousand imaginations, and brings forth a thousand cares, it finds out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved, &c. *H. C.*

Death may end my life, but not my love, which (as it is infinite) must be immortal.

— Him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of utterance, that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand.

Such a love as mine, wedded to vertue, can never be so adulterated by any accident, no nor yet ravish'd by passion, as to bring forth a bastard disobedience, whereof (my very conscience not being able to accuse my thoughts) I come to clear my self.

The proportion of my love is infinite.

So perfect a thing my love is to you, as it suffers no question, so it seems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it.

The more notable demonstrations you make of the love (so far beyond my desert) with which it pleaseth you to make me happy, the more am I, even in course of humanity, bound to seek requitals witness.

— (Having imbarqued my careful love in the ship of my desire.) —

Good God! what sublimate is made in the lymbick of love.

His eyes were so eager in beholding her, as they were like those of the Bird, that hatches her Eggs with her looks. *Stratonica.* E 4 He

He expected her at *A*. with so great impatience of lov., that he would have willingly hastned the course of the Sun, to measure it by his affections.

— He, beholding her so accomplished, easily lest the glances shot from her eyes, were rayes from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds.

If you have as much confidence in me, as I have love towards you; —

Love is in effect a force (pardon the exorbitancy of the word) that is unresistable, so strong a war is that, which the appetite wageth against Reason.

Then, then in the pride of your perfections you paradised me in the Heaven of your love.

The rare *Idea* that thus (through the applause of mine eye) hath bewitched my heart, is the beautiful image of your sweet self (pardon me if I presume, when the extremity of love pricks me forward.) Faults that grow by affection ought to be forgiven, because they come of constraint: Then (*Madam*) read with favour, and censure with mercy; —

Why should not that, which is one, rest in unity?  
*Eacon.*

His bosome was the Cell, wherein I hid my secrets; his mouth the Oracle, whereby I directed my Actions; as I could not be without his presence, so I never would do any thing without his counsel.

When I am from you, I am dead till I be with you; when I am with you, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer you; united Souls are not satisfied with imbraces. *Rel. Med.*

In the intercourse of affection, my love surmounts yours.

Fire comes out of the hardest flint with a steel; oyl out of the driest jet by fire; love out of the stoniest



niest heart by faith, by trust, by time. *Eupheus,*

I cannot but admire thy love, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds; as I will not envy thee thy death, so I wish a glory may await thy end, great as the constancy that advanc'd thee to it. *Her,*

Two neighbouring Lillies, whom rude winds disperse 'mong restless dust, may sooner meet upon their stalks again, and kiss each other in a second growth, than we our loves renew.

Love is the good which by being diffused, is corrupted; she that loves one, another, and a third; takes in men at the coyle, and loves only for her pleasure. The object of true love is but one; from the infancy of time to her decrepitude, the love between two hath been held most honorable. *Heroine.*

Our mutual minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, than either Nature now affords, or Art can express.

Gracious is the face that promiseth nothing but love, and most celestial the resolution that lives upon chastity.

She had a pure flame shot from Heaven into her breast, from no other place could so generous a mind be fired.

My love shall never end, but with my life.

There is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; our wills united make but one mind, which ruling all our actions, it seems we are in like manner but one body. *Ariana.*

— He was so rapt with these dear engagements, that the commotions of his heart disturbed his mind, and stop'd the freedom of his thoughts.

I must confess my self in Prison, but 'tis a Prison of love, where my desires, my thoughts, my hopes, my joyes, are chains. *H. C.*

*Chaste love.* ] She changes the fire of *Babylon* in-

to that of *Jerusalem*. Her hairs, which were the Nets wherein so many captive Souls did sigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now ( as the Ensigns and Standards of wicked *Cupid* ) trampled under the feet of the Conqueror. Those kisses, which carried the poyson of a luxurious passion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chastity. Her pleasing odors, which before were vowed to sensuality, are now become the sweetest exhalations from that *Amber Isle*, which brings forth an odoriferous perfume. *Entert. for Lent.*

My passion hath for its object a thing too perfect to permit me a thought that may be unworthy the cause of it.

I like that love, which by a soft ascension, does degree it self in the Soul. *Feltbam.*

Your presence is like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the sadness of the mind.

The heart of a lover is a City, in which upon one and the same day are seen sports and banquets, battels and funerals. *Plutarch.*

Who knows not that love took away the senses of wise *Solomon*, and made him violate the sacred Law. Love moved *Biblis* to be enamoured on her own brother *Cannus*, and *Pasiphae* to accompany with a Bull.

Love is like a Pan of Charcoale, which meeting with the wind, its contrary, makes it turn more ardent, or like a rapid torrent, which justling against a dam, swells higher; so love meeting with opposition, grows hotter and stronger. *Dodona's Grove.*

— These two hearts being dissolved into love, spake in thoughts, not having language enough to exprefs their affection. *H. C.*

Since then I cannot retaliate your love, or retribute

bute your favours; yet will I receive them with a desire to pay.

The worthy St. *Dionysius*, in his Book of Divine Attributes, distinguisheth three sorts of love; one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblique.

Love (saith an ancient Lover) hath made a Butt of my heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its Arrows, it threw it self as an inflamed Dart into the bottom of my heart, to set me all on fire.

There is nothing comparable to the Martyrdome of love; it is an exhalation in a cloud; it is a fire in a Mine, a torrent shut up in ditches; a night of separation that lasteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its desires.

The life of this *young Hero* (which was ever hanging about the heart of his Mistress, ever in the contemplation of her goodness, perpetually in the furnace of love) wholly transformed it self into his well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great vessel of Wine, as incense wasted in flames. *H. Court.*

He said what a warm lover (when desire makes eloquent) could speak, he said she was both Star and Pilot.

No Birth or Estate can challenge a Prerogative in love.

The deep wound of his love being rubbed afresh with — began to bleed again.

Love is to the Soul, that which wings are to birds, to carry us to its fruition.

For want of well-loving, we apply the most precious thing which is love, to gain wretched creatures, as if one used a golden Hook to fish for Frogs, and a Scepter to shake Hay.

I'll alwayes dwell with you like your shade.

I'll keep a Jubilee to your memory.

My

My eyes pay Tribute where my heart payes love.  
I will repay your love with usury.

(Love making, in the field of his memory, a muster of the vertues of that Lady.)

The man that applies not himself to some love, is like a body without life.

Love is the Wine of the Soul.

Love is the greatest Philosopher in the World;  
He can transmute substances without altering the accidents.

### *Man commended.*

**M**AN is the pride of Heavens Creation.

— A man, whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without addition of some Epithetes of respect; to conclude him in a word, no object for any evil passion but envy; and a Subject for no Discourse, but what ends with admiration.

It seems Nature from above had been dispatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to score out a lodging for this great Soul, and give him a body suitable to the vigor of his Spirit (so well was it composed) &c. *H. Court.*

— What he is according to nature, a master-piece, where many Prerogatives meet together, a body composed of a marvellous Architecture, a Soul endowed with —

He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks only, without setting his hand to the Lyre, enchants and ravishes the most savage of our Wilderness.

*Aristotle* (that *Lincus* of nature) —

He did with great nobleness and bounty (which  
vertues

vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature),  
restore. — *Lo. Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of, was to be  
wise, and all the wisdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not some  
advantage, nor any ones life, which (take it alto-  
gether) is so admirable as his. *The Prince.*

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trajan* in boun-  
ty, and another *Augustus* in wisdom.

Though he exceeds not in those vertues which  
get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of cou-  
rage, and the like; yet he is notable for those qua-  
lities which stir affection, as truth of word, meek-  
ness, courtesie, mercifulness and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his ver-  
tue, not his fortune, was his Title; his mind was  
richly embroydered with all the studied ornaments  
of learning, &c. — *Heroine.*

Bravest *A.* sooner shall the Fathers bowels be si-  
lent at the sight of his long unseen Son, than poste-  
rity forget thy Name.

— Nor shall I rest content, till I bring one grain  
of incense more to that great oblation, which I  
hope the Muses will offer ere long in publick to his  
memory, thereby to induce Historians (those Gold-  
smiths of time) in their elaborate Rings, the Chro-  
nicles and Relations of these dayes, curiously to en-  
chase this choycer Diamond to the delight and be-  
nefit of succeeding Ages. *Of Sir I. Smith.*

The world of worthiness hath his whole Globe  
comprized in his breast.

The gallantry of his mind was plainly legible to  
every eye that was acquainted with the characters  
of vertue.

— In this man there were such great abilities of  
wit and understanding, that into what Climate so-  
ever

ever his Nativity had cast him, he seem'd to be able to command a fortune. *Bacon.*

— Men, whose Sentiments are Maxims and Oracles to govern the Worlds beliefs and actions. *Sir K. D.*

— So well was he studied in the Art of dying, that by continual Watchings, Fastings, Prayers, and such like Acts of Christian Humiliation, his flesh was ratified into Spirit, and the whole man so fitted for eternal glories, that he was more than half in Heaven, before death brought his bloody (but triumphant) Chariot to convey him thither.

His Head did bear the Calendar of Age.

Every man is a vast and spacious Sea; his passions are the winds that swell him in disturbant waves, &c. *Feltham.*

His head was a well fill'd Treasury, and his tongue the fair Key to unlock it; he had as great a memory as could be reconciled with so good a judgment.

A good man is like the day, enlightning and warming all he shines on, and is alwayes rising upwards to a Region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the Night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholsom vapors upon all that rest beneath.

Envy her self could not detract from his worth; he was learned even to an Example, pious up to a Proverb.

— A person that in the *Hurricanes* of great transactions is serenely pleas'd to throw off the publick person, and adopt into his tenderness and protection, all that, unto which worth and letters may make a claim. *Mr. Halls Epistle before Longinus.*



Of the late Majesty, and His Letters intercepted. 1645.

**A**S a *Man*, see, but with what sagacity he writes, and with what judgment; see, but what a clean sense he had of things, which does so overlook all his most perplexed Affairs, that they seem to blush, they have no better difficulties. See, but how far his wisdom looks into mens persons, which doth so weigh them and their actions with the grains and allowance of their unworthy servile ends, that he seems not more to observe than prophesie. See, but what an even spirit of Elegancy runs through every line, which beats and leaps as much in the description of his saddest condition, as of his serenest fortune; insomuch that posterity will a little love his misery for her very cloathing. So quick his parts, that his *Extempore* performances equalized the premeditations of others of his profession.

Then, as a *Husband*, do but observe how kind he is, and withall how chaste; how full of warm expressions of love, and yet how far from wanton; Do but observe how he weighs his own health by his Wifes Standard, every line bears a *Venus* in it, and yet no *Doves*; and he drives the trade of thoughts between the Queen and him, with so much eagerness, and yet with so much innocence in all his Letters, as if he meant they should be intercepted.

As a *Christian*, see, but what a Conscience he makes of Oaths, esteeming them (not according to the popular account) as if their Ceremony made them the less Sacred, or (as too many use them in the World) as bracelets to their Speech, not (as they

they are indeed ) as Chains to their Souls; look but how he startles at the name of Sacriledge, though never so commodious a sin, &c.

Last of all, as a *King*, see, but what a constant and true Soul he bears to Justice, which none of his sad infelicities can alter. A Soul that would come off true, were it put to *Plato's* stryal, who said, That for a man to approve himself a true just man indeed, his vertue must be spoyld of all her ornaments. *Key to K. Cabinet.*

—His Stature was next a just proportion; his Body erect and active; his Colour or Complexion had generally drawn more from the white Rose of *York*, than the red of *Lancaster*; his Hair nearer brown than yellow; his Brow proclaim'd much fidelity; a certain verecundious generosity grac'd his eyes, not such as we read of *Sylla*, but of *Pompey*, in his gestures nothing of affectation; in his whole aspect no swelling, nothing boysterous, but an alluring and well-becoming suavity; his alacrity and vigor the celerity of his motions did discover; otherwise his affections were temperate, and demeanor well settled; most firm to his purposes and promises, loving Truth, hating Vice; Just, Constant, Courageous, and not Simply so, but knowingly good. *Sir H. Wet on of King Char. I.*

So many excellent Pens have written upon his brave Acts, and made them so well known to all the World, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them. *H. Court.*

He is the *Pelops* of wisdom, and *Minos* of all good government.

Who has not known or read of that prodigy of wit and fortune, *Sir Wa. R.* a man infortunate in nothing, but in the greatness of his wit and advancement; whose eminent worth was such, both in domestic

mestick policy, forraign expeditions and discoveries, in arts and literature both practick and contemplative, that it might seem at once to conquer both example and imitation. *Mr. Nath. Carpenter.*

— Man, who contracts in himself all the draughts and works of the Divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole World in his perfections, and bears the most animated character of the living God. *H. C.*

He is a noble, generous, and well-manur'd youth; bears beauties ensigns in his gracious looks, has that supream Divinity in his eyes, as sparkleth flames able to fire all hearts; and the superlative vertue of his mind transcends his outward figure; he is wise, as most mature age; valiant in resolve, as fames beloved Child; Reputation, conjoyns the masculine graces of his Soul with lovely carriage and discreet discourse, &c. *Argalus and Parth.*

— I could say much more of his worth, without flattery, did I not fear the imputation of presumption, and withall suspect, that it might befall these papers of mine (though the loss were little) as it did the pictures of *Q. Eliz.* made by unskilful and common Painters, which by her own commandment were knockt to pieces, and cast into the fire. For ill Artists, in setting out the beauty of the external and weak Writers, in describing the vertues of the internal, do often leave to posterity of well-formed faces, a deformed memory; and of the most perfect and Princely minds, a most defective representation. *Sir Wm. Rawl. in Preface.*

He was a man, whose brave undaunted spirit dignified his Family many stories high in the estimate of Fame.

The excellent endowments of his Soul, acknowledged even by Envy, and admired by truth, together with his known propension to goodness, invited me to —

I have been possessed with extream wonder, when I consider the excellency of those vertues and faculties in him, which the Philosophers call intellectual, the capacity of his mind comprehending so many, and so great notions, the faithfulness of his memory, the swiftness of his apprehension, the penetration of his judgment, the order and facility of his Elocution, &c. *Bacon.*

— He derived many streams from *Sidney's* great River into his own Channels.

His Countenance (which by Nature had no vulgar Ayre in it) grown lean by affliction, expressed (in a pale disagreement of colours) that the harmony of his *individuum* began its dissolution from the Head.

### Nature.

**N**ature is that Spirit or Divine Reason, which is the efficient cause of natural Works, &c.

— You whom Nature hath made to be the Loadstar of comfort, be not the Rock of Shipwrack.

The Errors in his Nature were excused, by reason of the greenness of his youth.

Nature having done so much for him of nothing, as that it made him Lord of something.

Nature is the mirror of Art.

— They wrestled with the disadvantage of single Nature, and at last threw it into Rule.

— Then does Art appear perfect, when she can scarce be distinguished from *Nature* it self; and again, Nature is ever happy, because she always carries a hidden Art in her own bosom. *Longinus.*

*Rebellion.*

*Rebellion.*

**Z** Eal was the Flint, and Ambition the Steel, out of which the sparks of *Rebellion* have in our dayes kindled the most fatal mischiefs.

*Silence and Secresie.*

**S**ilence is the fermentation of our thoughts. Bacon.

— Assuring you in the faith of a friend, that you shall deposit it in the deepest and darkest Den of silence, never to come to light.

It is hard to be silent, &c. since Nature hath not made us like *Crocodiles*, who are said to have eyes to weep, and not a tongue to complain.

I hope I shall find your ears faithful Treasurers.

I will cover it under the veil of silence.

Silence, in bashful signs, blush'd out a dumb Reply.

— Till when I lock these projects in the Closet of your secresie.

There followed so deep and unbroken a silence, that Midnight seem'd Thunder, if compar'd to it.

The silence of the tongue is the peace of the heart. *Tho. A Kemp.*

*Similitudes, see Comparisons, pag. 58.*

## Sorrow.

**S**orrow is a grief or heaviness for things which are done and past; it is the only friend to solitariness, enemy to company, and heir to desperation.

Though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumb sorrow, yet did his silent woes shew his speaking grief.

O happy *Portia*, thy dead sad woes are all buried in my long-liv'd griefs; and *Hecuba's* tears are all drowned in the Sea of my sorrow.

*Lymbeck's* were her eyes of tears, a furnace was her breast of scalding sighs, a constant fever surprized her joynts, yet with this did her sweet condition enforce a smile, and with this (mixed with a pearly tear) did she beg this boon of. — — —

*Holy Court.*

— Whereat the yce of his heart dissolved, and began already to evaporate through his eyes.

He endeavoured to speak, but the more he strove, the more the sobs choaked up his words.

— Assaulted with a furious Squadron of remediless dolours.

(Drenched in a Sea of sorrow. —

Love, jealousy, anger and sorrow divided his heart, and drew strange sighs from him.

He bare the image of his sorrow in his dejected countenance.

He knew not how to answer her, but with the moist dew of his eyes, which began to do the office of his lips.

She made the apple of her weeping eyes speak to him in continual prayers.

— (After the flood of her tears was grown to an ebb,) — After



— After she had bathed the beauty of her eyes in the sorrow of her tears. —

My grief was at the highest before, and now like swelling *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.

That (washing anew her face in the balmy drops of her love distilling tears) she began. —

He banished both sleep and food, as enemies to his mourning, which passion perswaded him was reasonable.

He opened his mouth, as a flood-gate of sorrow.

I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreshing.

The breath, almost formed into words, was again stopt by her, and turned into sighs.

Let the tribute-offer of my tears procure —

— It deserves of me a suttler degree of sorrow, than tears.

— Finding by the pitiful Oration of a languishing behaviour, and the easily deciphered Character of a sorrowful face, that —

— With a demeanor, where, in the Book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but sorrow, for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there.

Suffer not the weakness of sorrow, to conquer the strength of your virtues.

— His Soul drinking up Woe with great draughts.

— Her tears were like, when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers.

She painted out the lightsom colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadows of sorrow.

— Suffering her sorrow to melt it self into an abundance of tears, and giving grief a free dominion.

At

At length letting her tongue go (as dolorous thoughts guided it) she thus (with lamentable demeanor) spake, —

Wilt thou give my sorrows no truce?

Tears and sighs interrupt my speech, and force me to give my self over to private sorrow.

Though my memory be a continued Record of much sorrow, yet among the many stories grief hath engraven in me, there is none to be compared with the disaster of —

— This said, she wept the rest. But he not daunted at that majesty of sorrow that late inthron'd in Chrystal; nor at her words, that would charm the most inhumane; but rather whet, than refin'd in passion, unloads his lust. — *Her.*

— She, in whom sorrow had swell'd it self so high, that rather than break out, it threatned to break her heart.

— Appearing in his countenance a doleful Copy of what he would relate.

— (Able to make an Adamant turn *Nio-be.*)

When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joys are so wealthily summ'd up, that thy loss will make my life my greatest curse, then will I dye in honour, and think it fitter for my fame, than linger out my life in sorrow. *Her.*

She was Empress of a mind, unconquered of sin or sorrow.

'Tis not the Tears of our eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows, which falling into many streams, run more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower Channel.

She melts her heart in a Sacred Limbeck of love, and distills it out by her eyes.

They

They resented his loss with as many griefs, as his desert and their good nature could produce in them.  
*Arg.*

To give over sorrow, I must of necessity give over remembring you, and that can I not, but with my life.

— To see her Countenance ( through which there shin'd a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls ) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrors of a ghastly look.  
*Feltham.*

— These are calamities, which challenge the tribute of a bleeding eye.

— Tell him I inwardly dissolve into a dew of bleeding passion for his loss, and would, to reinvest blest quiet in his heart, act o're the Scene of dangers I have pass'd since I knew earliest manhood. *Arg. and Parth.*

— I am past the thought of grief for this sad fact, and am greifs individual substance.

— She poured her self into tears without comfort, as her misery seemed devoid of remedy.

— Thy look upon a sudden are become dismal, thy brow dull as *Saturns* issue, thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue were to pronounce some funeral.

Sorrow having clos'd up all the entries of thy mind-

He made a shady Tree his pavillion, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowful memory.

He gave such tokens of true felt sorrow, as no imagination could conceive greater.

Compassion procured his eyes with tears to give testimony.

He

— He departed, as if he had been the Coffin that carried himself away.

The River of your tears ( if not stopped ) will soon lose their fountain.

— Pity my sorrows, which are only mine, because I am extreemly yours.

— Lost in my thoughts, I see my self wandring in various objects, and for a height in misery, I walk in the Night of a heart darkned with sadness.

The melancholy complexion of my mind inclines to hold a sympathy with all sorrow that my senses communicate to me.

The remembrance of her former ingratitude delivered over such feeling arguments of her sad remorse, as were able to strike the water of tears out of the stoniest hearts of her beholders; like the Rod of *Moses*, which drove water out of the Rock, &c. *Sir To, Math.*

— A Subject I confess so full of lamentation and horror, as would require some *Homer* to express it, or rather the mind and pen of *Heraclitus*, to weep and write together.

Suffer mine eyes to discourse my griefs.

You temporize with sorrow, mine is sincere.

— Until mine eyes became the sad oblation of a fainting voyce.

It is hard to describe with what affection her eyes, big with grief, brought forth tears. The fair Lady in that Art resembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the Morning dew in beauty. *Stratonica.*

*Speech.*

## Speech.

**S**peech is nothing else but an expression to another man of the images one hath within himself. *Sir K. Digby.*

Reason is as it were the Soul of Speech. *Bacon.*

Lecture is the aliment of speech.

As houses without doors are unprofitable, so are men that have no rule of their speech.

— The very *Order* of his speech seem'd to be *Disorderly*; and his *Disorders* were rang'd into a certain kind of *Order*.

— Though courted with all the blandishments and graces of speech, yet he could not be perswaded. —

## Thoughts.

**T**Hought, generally is all the imaginations of our brain, which being a proposed object of the heart, makes it continually resolve, and work upon those conceits.

Thoughts are but over-flowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a servant of the thoughts.

Speech and Thought are two Sisters, the youngest whereof is created, that the eldest may be known. *Philo.*

The more I exercise my thoughts, the more they increase the appetite of my desires.

What a Paradise of unspotted goodness his filthy Thoughts sought to defile?

— ( Thinking to set my murinous thoughts at peace. )

He made his thoughts more obligatory to her favours; and he fashioned his favours more complementary to her fortunes.

My thoughts were winged with desire.

You ( the Secretary of all my thoughts. ) —

Distilling my active thoughts in a continued study to serve you.

— My hopes of Honour, then which nothing but your fair self is so near to my thoughts.

She, conjur'd with this tyranny of complement, with as undistracted words as could be pump'd from the deepest confusion of thoughts, makes her reply. — *Her.*

— His word led by his thought, and followed by his deed.

I could wish you were Secretary of my thoughts, or that there were a Chrystal Casement in my breast, through which you might espy the inward motions and palpitations of my heart, then would you be certified of the sincerity of this protestation.

Pleasing, but too ambitious thoughts! whither do you lead me?

— Give my long imprison'd thoughts leave to appear in words.

Let truth make up a part in the harmony of your noble thoughts.

Thus when my thoughts are at a stand, and can raise my present happiness no higher, let me call to mind how —

— Since you have tyed your thoughts in so wilful a knot,



A tumultuous Army of thoughts shall strike up an Alarm to your repose. *H. C.*

Continually floating in a tempestuous Sea of thoughts, without either finding bottom or shore.

And after I had run over all the pedigree of my thoughts, new thoughts possessed me, weighing her resolutions by the counterpoize of his own youthful thoughts.

Using his own Byas to bowle near the Mistress of his own thoughts.

Words may be said to be a kind of body to thoughts. *Montaigne.*

My thoughts supplied the place of Sacrifices.

My very thoughts, I hope, are wing'd with innocence.

*Vanity.*

**V**anity at this day opens all her gates to manifest divers persons to the world, who should otherwise be buried in obscurity. It makes some appear by the luxuribus excess of their apparel, as so many false creatures, whose heads (being high and costly dressed up) go to the Market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the World, others by honours and dignities, others by the spirit of industry, and others by deed of arms and policy. Every one sets out himself to be seen and esteemed in the World. It seems life is made for nothing, but to be shewed, and that we should alwayes live, for that which makes us dye. *Holy Court.*

## Vertue.

**V**ertue (like the clear Heaven) is without clouds.

He became her Servant, by the bonds which vertue laid upon him.

Vertues (if his face be not a false witness) do apparrèl his mind.

— Formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of vertue.

— Minds; which neither absolutely climb the Rock of vertue, nor freely sink into the Sea of vanity.

— She (in whose mind vertue governed with the Scepter of knowledge.) —

— She, to whose unstained vertue, it hath been my unspeakable misery, that my name should become a blot. —

(Far engaged to the memory of your vertues.) —

Vertue is the tenure, by which we hold of Heaven; without this we are but Out-laws, that cannot claim protection. *Feltham.*

Vertue hath nothing to do with the veil of untruths to cover it.

Vertue, is as the Geometrical Cube, on what side soever it is cast, it alwayes finds his Basis.

Vertue and Grace run parallel with Heaven.

*Women commended.*

**W**OMEN, being of one and the self-same substance with man, are what man is, only so much more imperfect, as they are created the weaker Vessels.

— She, whose vertue deserves to be consecrated with a pen of adamant in the Temple of eternity; since she is able to dazzle the eyes of the most hardy, to fill the mouths of the most eloquent, and ravish the minds of those, who admire nothing vulgar.

Ask Sense what she is: Sense will tell us, Her face is the unclouded welkin in the infancy of day; her eyes the Sun and Moon that sleep by turns, lest they should leave the world in darkness; her tongue the harmony of Spheres and Nature; her breasts Heavens milky way, spangled with azure stars: her arms *Cassiopeia* and *Polaris*; her other parts because of lower function, are but the Symetry of all the beauties of her sex; she is too much first to have any second, from the third, fourth and fifth form of Women, from a million or all of them, you may take some piece of her, not all, for she her self is the All.

Ask Reason what she is, Reason will tell you, she is her Directress, that she keeps the Elements at peace within us; our fire she confines to religious zeal, and suffers it not to enflame either to lust or superstition; our watry Element she hath designed to quench unlawful flames, &c. —

Ask Faith what she is; Faith will tell you, she hath yours and mine, and an hundred other souls in one soul, &c. — Were there, or were there no night, yet were she an everlasting day. Were

there none bad, yet were she unparalldly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her, yet were she superlative. All of her is an even proportion of extremes. *Her voice* *gaid* *nom* *O*

Those Eyes more eloquent than all the-  
ronick, that would raise an Anchorer from his  
Grave, and turn the Fiend Fury, into the Chastebin  
Pity. — *Her eyes* *gaid* *nom* *O*

Those white and red Roses (which no rain, but  
what fell from those heavenly eyes) could colour  
or sweeten. Those lips that stain the rubies, and  
make the roses blush, those lips that command the  
scarlet coloured morn into a cloud to hide his  
shame: That breath, which makes us all Chanse-  
lions, should be wasted into unregarded sighs.  
Those breasts eternally chaste and white as the  
Alpes: those legs, columns of the fairest Banian  
marble: columns that support this monument of  
all pens, — *her skin* *smooth* *as* *the* *face* *of*  
youth, soft as a bed of violets, white as the Queen  
of innocence, sweet as Bean blossoms after Rain;

— *She* *shaking* *off* *those* *glorious* *loads* *of* *state*,  
retired from the crowding tumult, of this Court  
into a solitary and truly happy Company, con-  
tinue on there to spin out her thread of life at her home-  
ly distaff, where we will leave her a verie wonder,  
than the Phoenix in the desert, the alone paragon  
of all peerless perfections. Her actions (so above  
the Criticism of my purblind judgement) I am in-  
capable to comprehend; much less conceit of con-  
trovert. — *and* *as* *much* *as* *the* *world* *can* *comprehend* *of* *her*

She is the beauty of the world, the pride of all  
joyes, the sweetest fruit of best content, and the  
highest mark of true loves ambition. — *and* *as* *much* *as* *the* *world* *can* *comprehend* *of* *her*

To

To her alone it appeared, that Heaven with a hand rather prodigal than liberal, would give what it had of most value in the rich treasury of nature. *Stratonica.*

Women are Angels, clad in flesh.

The Roman Story (big with variety of wonder) writes *Lucretia* the female glory.

She was nature's fairest paper, not compounded of the raggs of common mortality, but so scarfed and refined, that it could receive no impression, but that of spotless innocence. — Her

Where ere she comes, her presence makes perpetual day.

— They discovered *A.* (the rich triumph of nature) and in her as much as the World could boast of.

Her eyes invading all eyes, her lips all lips, her face loves banquet, where she sits in the most luxuriant feast of Sense: — She was the model of divine perfection.

— A flock of unspeakable virtues, laid up delightfully in that best builded fold.

In this, a very good Orator might have a fair field to use eloquence.

Her eyes seemed a Temple, wherein love and beauty were married.

— So many things united in perfection.

She hath an easie melting lips, a speaking eye.

*Venus* compar'd to her was but a blowz.

As you are to me a *Venus*, and strike a warm flame in me, so you are *Diana* to me, and do infuse a chaste, religious coldness. — *Amoratus.*

I stand before you like stubble before a burning glass, your eyes at every glance convert me into flame.

Her voyce was no less beautiful to his ears, than her goodness was full of harmony to his eyes.

Thy heavenly face is my Astronomy; thy sweet vertue, my sweet Philosophy.

You are the Diamond of the world, the chief work of natures workmanship. The pattern of perfection, and the quintessence of worth.

Your fair forehead is a field, where all my fancies fight, and every hair of your head seems a strong chain that tyes me.

You are the ornament of the earth, the vessel of all vertue.

— With so gracious a countenance, as the goodness of her mind had long exercised her unto.

— She, whose many excellencies won as many hearts, as she had beholders; nature making her beauty and shape, but the most fair Cabinet of a far fairer mind.

There's musick in her smiles.

A mart of beauties in her visage meet.

— A woman in whom vertue was incorporated, goodness (which comes to others by study) seemed hers by nature.

— You (the type of my felicity): to whom all hearts, respects, hopes, fears and homages are sacrificed.

— Her countenance was too sweet, her speech too proper, her deportments too candid, to cover so black a mischief.

— She took hearts captive, and made them do vassalage and homage to her will.

— Where they found *A.* accompanied with other Ladies, among whom her transcendent beauty, and incomparable vertues, made her shine with as much superiority; as a star of a greater magnitude exceeds



ceeds in splendor, the lesser luminaries of its own Sphere.

Her hair seemed to stand in competition with the beams of the Sun.

She, whose rare qualities, whose courteous behaviour without curiosity; whose comely feature, without fault; whose filed speech, without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. *Euphens.*

Nature framed her to be the Object of thoughts, the love of hearts, the admiration of souls.

This is she, who is singularly privileged from Heaven with beauties of body, but incomparably heightened with gifts of the mind. Such is her learning, that she transcends men in their best faculties.

She, — this bright morning star, always bears in the rays thereof, joy, comfort, &c.

She was able to enthrall all hearts with so many supereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her.

She had a strong and pleasing spirit, a solid piety, an awakened wisdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. *H. C.*

Nature in her, promiseth nothing but goodness.

He could not sufficiently admire the vivacity of her spirit, the solidity of her judgment, the equity of her counsels, and the happiness which ordinarily accompanied her resolutions. *H. C.*

She gained hearts by sweetness, therein imitating the Sun, which neither breaks doors nor windows to enter into houses; but penetrates very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams.

The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the same instant love surprized him by the eyes and ears.

Endowed with an admirable grace and singular beauty, to serve even as an Adamant to captivate hearts.

Fair as the Firmament, which we see enamelled with so many stars, that resplendently shine, as Torches lighted before the Altar of the Omnipotent.

— She who was the Adamant of all loves.

— A Lady, whose eyes will make a Souldier melt, if he were compos'd of marble, whose very smile hath a magnetick force to draw up souls, whose voyce will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans prayer into ambition, make a Hermit run to Hell, &c.  
*Grat. Serv.*

— Whose exquisite beauty was so beautified with rarest vertues, that men honoured Nature as a god in her perfections, and held her more than a woman in her vertues. *Par. & Vienna.*

— She whose beauty was far fairer than the evening star, and whose vertue was more powerful than the greatest Constellation.

The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections, hath so captivated my freest thoughts, that, wondring at her same, I am wounded with fancy, and my desire is —

I would willingly here draw to the life the Portraiture of this Lady, if my black Inkwore not robbed it a colour to set forth a celestial beauty.

You have far more perfections than years, and more inward excellence than external beauty, yet so beautiful, as few so fair, though none more virtuous.

She

She had a mind of excellent composition; a piercing wit void of ostentation; high crested thoughts, seated in a heart of civility; an eloquence so sweet in the uttering; as slow to come to the uttering, a behaviour so noble, as gave a majesty to adversity. *Arcadia.*

— She's a Virgin happy in all endowments which a Poet could fancy in his Mistress, being her self a School of goodness, where chaste Maids may learn (without the aid of foreign principles) by the example of her life and person, to be (as she is) excellent. I but give you a brief Epitome of her vertues, which dilated on at large, and to their merit, would make an ample story.

Were all her other graces worn in clouds, That eye, that very eye would charm a *Latier*,

Her name (like some celestial fire) quickens my spirit.

I never knew vertue and beauty meet in a sweeter nature.

Thou art a Virgin sweet, so precious in thy frame, that with the cordage of thy hair, thou mightst have fettered Kings. Thy voyce has marr'd the beauties of the Night, when thou didst sing, the quiet stars would wink and fall asleep.

I could gaze on her, till my wonder did convert me into marble, and yet my Soul would in her self ret in a fire, lively, as that which bold *Prometheus* stole.

Madam! you are so large a Threat to me, of, and every grace about you offers me such Copy of language, that I stand doubtful which first to touch, as if I erre (as in my choyce I may) let me intreat you, before I offend, to sign my pardon.

Whether we consider her face or beauty, pleasingness (that charms hearts) & sweet majesty hath spent all their riches upon her. *Ariana.* She

She breaths forth nothing but the sweets of love.

The eyes are the wonders of the face, and dark figures of Divinity; we may call them too the Dials of love, which fastned on the wall of a countenance, shew with the stile of their looks, the minutes of hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers.

Fame, which is accustomed to increase the desert of every thing it would commend, has been constrained to diminish yours, being impossible to be published according to the greatness of it.

It is a mark of great virtues, not to be able to endure to be commended.

She was crown'd with a garland of odoriferous flowers, and her delicate hair in tresses, falling upon a neck of snow, did set forth the beauties of this divine face, whose splendour dazzled mens eyes so, that there was not any one could support unwounded the sight of so many wonders.

Lesser lights borrow beams of radiance from your greater Orb, which doth illuminate and heat our Northern clyme with celestial ardors. *H. Cant.*

Her mind, beset with thoughts clear and radiant as her own eyes; he that dares attempt the expression of her internal gifts, is ignorant of her sublimity; he who dares not, knows not her humanity, her sweetness. As no stile can ascend so high as her exalted worth, so on the other side none can descend so low as her humility.

*Madam*, if the duty (which commands me to serve all Ladies) did not ordain me this obedience, your birth, and so many fair qualitics I see in you, oblige me to it. *Ariana.*

— My eye of contemplation was fixed on this bright Sun, as long as it was able to endure the radiant

diant beams of it, whose redundant light veils the looker on with a dark mist. Sir K. D.

I esteem, reverence and adore you in the most secret and recluse withdrawings of my heart.

— Her face did shine with so great evidence, as it defied the Noon-ryde Sun in its greatest brightness.

Albeit *Medea* were wicked, yet *Penelope* was peerless; If *Clytemnestra* were naught, yet *Alceste* was passing good; If *Phedra* were damnable, yet there was another laudable. *Camd. Rem.*

— She had the spirit of a man in a feminine body.

She's a burning mirror, in which all the beams of beauty are united.

She is the star, by whom my fare is led.

— Modest she was, and so lovely, that whosoever look'd but stedfastly upon her, could not but ensoul himself in her. *Feltham.*

Her eyes, swift as the shoots of lightning, nimbler than thought, and bright as the polish'd Diamond.

— She is of so specious a glory, that though she need not the applause of any, to add to her happiness, yet she attracts the hearts of all that know her to love, service, admiration.

All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honour of this Lady, and are all dryed up in the abundance of her praises.

In her person alone, a plenitude of all perfections does inhabit. *H. C.*

In her, all the most delicious attractives of beauty, and the most conspicuous characters of power, are assembled together.

This *Aglæ* was a Roman dame of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautiful body, and powerful

powerful passions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a Widow in an Age, as yet furnished with verdant freshness, grace and beauty, she had not buried all her affections in the Tomb of her husband.

After she had a little wiped away the first tears, which nature exacts as tribute in such like accidents, she quickly plaid so much the Courtier in her slight sorrows, that she seemed greatly to desire, as soon as might be, to finish what she had never well begun. *Holy Court.*

But by success of time she felt her passion so much enkindled towards him, that she neither thought, spoke, nor liv'd, but for him.

The fair *Aretaphila* inflames all hearts with the musick of her voyce; myriads of joyes are in her looks, her eyes are natures richest Diamonds, set in foils of polisht Ebony, her breath expires odours more sweet than issued from the Trees of Balm in Paradise. *Argal. & Parb.*

— She — upon whose meanest thought the art of memory's grounded, and inspires each Organ of our meditating sense with their perfections merit. *Ibid.*

She in whom the sum and abridge of all sorts of excellencies are met, like parallels in their proper center. *Herb. Travails.*

— Whose listning ears were well-pleased with the sweet harmony of her well run'd words, and whose liking eyes were ravish'd with the sight of her perfections.

— She — the ornament of the earth, the model of Heaven, the triumph of Nature, the life of Beauty, the Queen of Love.

Her action was beautified by Nature, and apparel'd with skill; her gesture gave such a way to



her sports, through the rugged wilderness of his imaginations; that

Her voyce represented the heavenly seven-  
subcord harmony.

Such an extraordinary majesty shines in all her  
actions; as surely either fortune by Parentage, or  
nature in Creation hath made her

Pilgrims, who come from the remotest Confin-  
es of the World, cannot see any thing in all the afflu-  
ent wealth thereof, comparable to her. Inasmuch  
that I wish all the members of my body were chan-  
ged into tongue, and that I were doubt but voyce,  
to be throughout the whole Universe, the Trumpet  
of her praises.

Her gracious Soul hath more Antidote in it, than  
all the World hath poyson, which will therefore in  
her affliction make her like the Sun, which shews  
his greatest countenance in his lowest declensions,  
and bring her out of it like gold out of the fire, re-  
fined, not consumed.

My prayer shall be, That your Fortune may sur-  
mount your greatness, and your vertue your fortune;  
that your greatness may be above envy, your good-  
ness above detraction; that your illustrious exam-  
ple may darken the Ages past, and lighten them to  
come; that you may live beloved, and dye lamen-  
ted; lamented by Earth, but joy'd by Heaven.

She suffer'd no mutiny of passions against rea-  
son, nor of reason against God.

She resolv'd to work with perspective Glasses of  
different, yea, and even contrary kinds; for when  
she described her own vertues, she viewed her self  
of a *Diminishing Glass*, which made them seem so  
little, as to be no more than a kind of nothing:  
But on the other side, when she gave account of

her own imperfections, she would by no means know them, by any other name than of *Vices* and *Sins*; because she took a *Multiplying-glass* to her self; lest else those *Mole-hills* should not seem *Mountains*. *Sir Tob. Mat. in his preface to S. Teresa's life.*

You must give me leave to adjourn you (for more ample satisfaction of this expectation) to those drops which I may perhaps both be able and willing to derive and draw out of the Sea of her perfections, &c. *Ibid.*

I shall only say in very few words (by way (as it were) of antepast, till the Feast come in) that she had a heart as open as day, in the exercise of bounty; but above all things, she was so perfect a lover of Truth, that she would no more have even so much as but disguised it, and much less varied from it in the least kind, then she would have sold her self for a slave, &c.

I'll assure you this *Blasium* has no more in it, of the Panegyrick, than of the just praise; I am rather her Debtor than Creditor herein.

She puts that in execution, which turns nature into admiration.

— She, whose two eyes were the Suns that rul'd my day, and to whom only her absence did make night; she whose mild virtue and beauteous looks were a soft, visible musick, which entranc'd the lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures into every chaste soul, and instilled pure fires into every unchaste, &c.

*Amor. War.*

A pretty smile made a kind of day-break in her face.

She is wholly made of charm.

— She is the star that rules my faculties.

To apparel any more in these paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents, and perhaps displease.

For

For I have ever found face commendation to dye  
wisdoms cheek of a blush colour.

Women are Cordials when desire is past; and  
Juleps while the heart continues. *Advice to a  
Son.*

### *Women discommended.*

**L**oose women are whoops, proud birds, which  
have nothing but crest, and naturally delight  
in ordure; they are bars, which cannot endure one  
little ray of light, but seek to hide themselves un-  
der the mantle of night; they are Horse-leeches,  
which draw blood from the veins of a House and  
State, where they exercise their power. They are  
Syrms of the earth, which cause shipwracks with-  
out water. They are Lamias, who have Hosteries of  
cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good  
usage. They are Harpies, who surprize even from  
Altars, and in the end become envenomed *Dipsades*,  
which enforce an enraged thirst upon those, whom  
they have once bitten. *Ho. Court.*

A woman without devotion, is like a Bee without  
a sting, which will make neither honey nor wax; is  
a Case covered with precious stones, to preserve a  
dunghill.

The tongues of women, are like the Bells of the  
Forrest *Dadonia*, which make a prodigious jang-  
ling. *God!* What a dangerous Beast is the Spirit  
of a woman? It is able to create as many Mon-  
sters in essence, as fantasie can form in paint-  
ing.

No Owle will live in Creet : In Rocks no Eagle  
will build her Nest : no Wile spring in the Will of  
Women.

It is an infinite simplicity to commit secrets to a  
Woman, whose heart is as fit to keep what it ought  
to conceal, as a Sieve to hold water.

As well may I collect the scattered wind  
into a bagge, or from the watery surface scrape the  
guilt reflections of the Sunne, as bring her heart  
within the quiet list of Wives that will obey and  
love.

Incestuous Strumpet ! more wanton than *Lais*,  
more lascivious than *Lais*, and more shameless  
than *Phaon* ; whose life, as it has been shadow-  
ed with painted holiness, so hath it been full of pe-  
rillous villanies.

Her Carcase (a better Name I can hardly afford  
her our side, was the inside of a Sepulchre, her  
Head was unhatch'd as a mould Perforage, her Eyes  
(like lights at the last sauff, when the extinguisher  
is ready to make their Epitaphs) sunk low into their  
Candlesticks, her Ears now deaf, now happy,  
(such was her Tongue) they have lost their senses  
her Nose worm'd like a piece of *Horn* of the first  
kind, offended with her breath, bowed to her  
Chin to dam it up ; her Cheeks hol'd as the earth  
in Dog-dayes drowth ; her Lips fit to be kiss'd by  
none but by themselves ; her Teeth rotten as her  
Soul, hollow as her heart, loose as the shingles of  
an old silene's steeple, scragged as a disparted pale,  
stood at that distance one could not bite another ;  
her Tongue, so weakly guarded, stould like the A-  
larm of a Clock ; her Chin was down'd with a Chi-  
n's beard of twenty hairs ; her breast lank as a quick-  
sand, wasted as an Hour-glass at the eleventh use ;  
one Arm, one Leg, one Foot she doff'd with day,  
and,

and, as a resurrection, don'd with the morrow; her Bones (pitiless as a Station for seven posterities) the slightest fears might now make rattle in her skin; her Body (wasted to no waste, blasted with lust as an Oak with lightning) was as familiar with diseases as a Physician: To conclude, she is odious beyond all comparison; one sight of her would make the heat of youth recoil into an infant continence. *Heroine.*

The look of a lascivious Woman is like that of a *Basilisk*, which kills Chastity by beholding it. *Dives* smiled bitterly, when (walking with another) he spied two Women talking, and said, See, the *Viper* and the *Asp* are exchanging poison. *Pekham.*

No Weather-cock under Heaven is so variable as an inconstant Woman. Every breath of wind (or rather to a various shape. As if her mind were so near a kin to Air, as it must with every motion, be in a perpetual change. *Idem.*

Women are feathers blown in the blast of their own loose passions, and are merely the dalliance of the flying winds.

There are that account Women only as Seed-plots for posterity; others worse, as only quench for their fires.

Our daily experience teacheth us, that there are Women very crafty, and such as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue distilling honey, often hide the heart of a Panther, all spotted over with libidinity, as the skin of this Beast with diversity of colours. *H. Court.*

Women are more inconstant than light Whirl-winds, trust the Sea with Feathers, or March-winds with Dust rather, and let their Words, Oaths, Tears, Vows, pass as words in

in water writ, or slippery glass. *Arg. & Pemb.*  
 No Hell so low, which lust and women cannot lead  
 unto.

Her tongue is like the sting of a Serpion;  
 A woman is the unnecessary Parenthesis of Na-  
 ture.

### World.

**T**his word (*World*), called in Greek *Kosmos*,  
 signifies as much, as ornament, or a well dispo-  
 sed order of things.

The exterior lustre of the world, is but a cloud in  
 painting, a petty vapor of water, a fable of time,  
 a Dyal, &c.

He that will now adays live in the world, must  
 have a veil over his eyes, a key on his ear, a com-  
 pass on his lips.

This world is a chair, which fetters men to the  
 Devil: but repentance is the hand which lifts men  
 up to God.

He that is enamoured of the world, is like one  
 that enters into the Sea; for if he escape perils, men  
 will say he is fortunate; but if he perish, they will  
 say he is wilfully deceived.

If it be needful to shew your self to the world, be  
 then known by your vertues, which are characters of  
 the Divinity. Let men know you by your good ex-  
 amples, which are the seeds of eternity, and of all  
 fair actions. *Sir B. E.*

I have ever thought the prosperity of the world  
 was a current of fresh water, which looks not back  
 on any thing, but hastens to pour it self into the salt  
 Sea. *H. C.*



The World's a Theatre of theft, great Rivers rob the smaller brooks, and them the Ocean.

*Tenth.*

I Have thoroughly sifted the disposition of youth, wherein I have found more Bran than Meal, more Dough than Leven, more Rage than Reason. *Eup.*

Wine, Love, Play, Rashness were the Chariot which drew his youth to downfall.

— Constrained to obey the transport of youthful fancies.

Let me call to mind all the violent pleasures of my heady youth; let me sum up their extent according to those deceitful measures I then rated happiness by; let me in my fancy chew over again the excessive good I then fondly imagined in them: And to all this let me add as much more joy and felicity, as, in my weak thoughts I am able to fathom, or but aim at; and then let me say, (and with rigorous truth I shall say it) all this excess of blifs will be resumed, will be enjoyed to the full in one indivisible moment, of that blifs, which a well passed life in this world, shall bring me to in the next. Sir K. D. in his Treatise of Bodies.

— So as whosoever he be, to whom fortune hath been a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past) and truly examine what it hath reserved either of beauty or youth, or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affection, or  
of

of what ever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he shall find that all the Art, which his elder years have can draw no other vapors out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret, and sad sighs.

He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast springing youth, overtake it, when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly, when it begins to wither, &c. *Sir Wale. Rawl. in Preface.*

The harvest of his sins yielded him now more increase of woes, than the lusts of his youth afforded him pleasures.

## Formula



# FORMULÆ MINORES,

OR,

## LITTLE FORMS

FOR STYLE OR SPEECH.

— **H**E, having waded thus far into the depth of his awaked intentions, thought good to sound the Feord at full, by —

He took opportunity by the fore part, and (imprisoning his worthy resolution within the Closet of his secret thoughts) did —

He summon'd his wits together, and set them all on the Rack of Invention.

Violent streams being once run out, the mud will appear in the bottom.

— Doubt ( the Herse of my desires. ) —

To Seal the Deed of my purchased favour, is the Gardian knot I most wish to unloose.

— Who (during these tempestuous storms) lay at Anchor in his own private Harbor.

To weave the web of his own woe, and spin the thread of his own thraldom.

I wish he would repair hither, that the sight of him

him mitigate some part of my Martyrdom.

Assure yourself, He be your finger next your thumb,

He erected Trophies of his own dishonour, and covered his ulcer with a golden veil.

— Like *Elias's* Chariot, all flaming with glory.

O that the odors of my Sacrifices might ascend even to thy Altars!

Your mind's a shop, where all good resolutions are forg'd.

Our understanding is the steel, and our will the flint-stone; as soon as they touch one another, we see the sparks of holy affection flie out.

— It bloometh in the eyes, that it may at leasure blossom in the heart.

That I may see some sparkles of hope glimmer in my affairs.

To gnaw the bridle of your impatience.

He felt fiery Arrows flie from her eyes, so sharp, that they transfix'd his heart with compassion.

Love, Anger, Jealousie, Suspicion, drew him with four Horses.

— As innocently spoken, as treacherously interpreted.

They murmured, as do the waves of a mutinous Sea.

Exercise the vivacity of your wit.

In a vast Ocean of Affairs, he hath liv'd as fishes, who keep silence within the loud noyse of waves, and preserve their plump substance fresh in the brackish waters.

He sheltered himself with subtilties, as a Hedgehog with his quills.

To behold (as in the glass of a bright mirror) on the one side — on the other —

As soon as break of day drew the Curtain of Heaven———

Virginity is as redolent Balm, which ascends to Heaven in a perpetuall sacrifice.

Religion is the hive, where the honey of good Doctrine is made.

He put them in the furnace of tribulation to purifie them.

O what may not depraved Love do, since sincere Amity cannot avoid suspicion.

———Comforted with the sweet rays of this bright day: break.

———Which hath been sufficiently declared by the sequel of his deportments.

She had not so much hony, but withall a sting.

———He so breath'd the air of ambition, that——

To as little purpose, as to cast chains into the Sea, to tye the Ocean in fetters.

It was but dust he bare in his hands, blown away by the wind of presumption.

She sent it as an earnest of her command.

———He returned amply laden with victorious palms.

———He went daily hunting after change, in the infinity of forbidden loves.

I shall offer my homage at your Altar.

Ponds that are seldome scoured, will easily gather mud; So———

Your heart is the Altar of love, and seat of friendship.

Upon my Virgin-heart i'll build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankfull sacrifice for his return.

My heart shall know no other love but his.

Let Venus speed his plow.

He received it at her hands with more content than the *Paphos* Queen did the golden fruit.

Let patience conduct thee out of this stormy Sea into a more quiet Port.

How canst thou be a stranger to my purposes, that art the Treasurer of my secrets?

That I may disperse those terrifying clouds, that threaten shipwrack to my desires.

To feast his eyes, and paradise his heart with the beloved sight of his all-admired and affected mistress.

His muddy clouded affection eclipsed the Sunshine of her far more glorious worth.

Cisting his eye (the Messenger of his heart) upon \_\_\_\_\_

Seest not thou these Trophies erected in his honor, and his honor shining in these Trophies?

In vain it is to water the plant, the root being perished: or to \_\_\_\_\_

I there vow repay to the debt of my error, with the interest of all my endeavours.

\_\_\_\_\_ I will not adventure my fortune upon the rock of this hazard.

My business (*Lady*) is your will; my suit, your service; your service, my chief desire; and my desire, your favourable countenance.

Your suit shall not be non-suit.

They knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and so departed.

During these *Halcyon* dayes, \_\_\_\_\_

He sailed in a ship without a stern.

Happy in my self, because happy in you.

\_\_\_\_\_ Sailing with as many contrary thoughts, as *Eolus* sent out winds upon the *Trojan* Fleet.

He saw the cloud afarre off, before the storm fell.

She



She (great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare) longed to be delivered with the notice of his health.

I cannot use many words, where every word wounds me with a new carefull conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearfull doubt.

He set up the main-sail of his obscured glory, in the wind of her will.

Who (smoothing the angry furrows of his discontentment) seemed ———

She gave fire to his fancy.

What ominous cloud shadows the brightness of this second Sun, that she appears not in her all-admired glory.

His wasted words dyed in their own sound, and all his hopes were utterly ship-wreck'd.

She gave fuel to his enraged will, and blew the coals of his displeasure.

Her restraint is (I fear) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burst forth into a flame.

He (whose senses held now a Synod) was driven to such an exigent, that (not knowing how to avoid the Creek without a Mate) was perforce forced to ———

My Fortunes admit of no such Sovereignty.

Who swelling with trefull disdain (like the disturbed Ocean) breathed out direfull revenge.

He craved pardon till the infancy of his weak merit were grown stronger in better deserts.

That I write to thee, may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happiness.

If thou wilt live like the King of Bees, seek hony at my hive.

———Drowning the late flowing Streams of his  
gotten glory in the full Sea of his preter-hard baps.

His unwished presence gave my tale a conclusion  
before it had a beginning.

I would her injury could blot out my affection,  
or my affection forget her injury.

Reverence and desire did so divide him, that he  
did at one instant both blush and quake.

———Unsealing his long silent lips———

Happy in wanting little, because not desirous of  
much.

His countenance with silent eloquence, desired it  
modestly.

Beyond the degree of ridiculous.

But I fear I have given your ears too great a sur-  
fet with the gross discourse of that.

Restraint of liberty causeth more increase of that  
evill, for which they are so kept under, then other-  
wise : See whether a Dog grow not fiercer with  
tying.

There is nothing so certain as our continuall in-  
certainty.

While there is hope left, let not the weakness of  
sorrow make the strength of it languish.

More determinate to doe, than skilfull how to  
doe.

Under the leave of your better judgment, I must  
say thus much.

About the time that Candles begin to inherit the  
Suns office.

Sometimes he thought one thing, sometimes ano-  
ther ; but the more he thought, the more he knew  
not what to think, armies of objections rising against  
any accepted opinion.

———Actions worthy to be registred in the Rolls of  
Fame,

Occasions

Occasions try'd him, and all occasions were but steps for him to climb fame by.

——— To lose the reins to his own motions.

——— My self am witness against my self of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend them in me.

To a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious, but reprehension is loathsome.

——— And thus have you heard my Comedy, acted by my self.

To you will I repair, because as my fortune either ebbs or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you.

——— Time at one instant seeming both short and long; short in the pleasingness in calling to mind, long in the stay of his desires.

He talked with such vehemency of passion, as though his heart would climb up into his mouth to take his tongues office.

Upon what Briers the fruits he laboured for-grew.

Idleness is an Ant-heap of sins.

But alas, how can speech produce belief in him, whom sight cannot persuade?

I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath.

Exercise your indignation upon me.

If your occasions can make use of my best inducements, the employment shall be a favour.

The haste of the bearer, admits no further Liberty to proceed.

Your desire is with me an absolute command.

Thus far hath your command and my duty led me.

There is no man can better witness it than my self, whose experience is grounded upon trial.

I have left nothing unsaid, which enquiry could make me know, or your command required of my duty.

Give me leave to digress a little.

I offer my weak and imperfect lines at the Altar of your favour.

— Rapt with the wonder of your virtues.

Silent admiration was the sole Orator of my affection.

— Under the shadow of your favour.

How much those lines (sweetened with your Character) have transported me, my endearest thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Be it your goodness to believe me, I will sooner cease to live, then —

— Him, who will hold himself unworthy of that life, which shall not be employed to serve you.

Your zeal to goodness assures me,

No line can limit my love; no distance divide my heart.

— She appeared an Adamant to my fancy.

As those easie errors (which too deservingly breed your distaste) may be redeemed by a fuller surplussage of content.

Be it your piety to have mercy.

Thou bringest herbs to *Jurak* i. *Coales* to *Newcastle*.

Lines cannot blush; so as modesty admits a freedom to my pen, which would be taxed immodesty being delivered by the tongue.

She made me (though most unworthy) the master of her desires, that was, and still am, a servant to her will.

— He (whose smallest sails of hope, the least winds did blow) —

After

— After he had stretcht and rentred his wir, and set all possibilities on the rack of his invention.

And longer may not I enjoy what I now possess, then you shall find my promises full laden with rich performances.

As I onely breath by your favour, and live through your love; so will I ever owe you fealty for the one, and still do you homage for the other.

He read her discontentment in the deep Characters of her face.

The angry Ocean swelled not, as he seemed to storm.

The imperious Mistress of my enthralled heart.

To imprison in silence.

How great soever my business be, it shall willingly yield to so noble a cause.

At that time (when he thought the ship of his good fortune sailed with a prosperous wind towards the desired Port) a contrary chance raised up, in this calm Sea, such a tempestuous storm, that he feared a thousand times to see it sunk.

— She, who till then seemed to be a miracle of beauty, did now appear to be a monster of ugliness.

If you will raise me to that height of happiness.

They gave him the *Parabios* of his safe arrivall.

Vouchsafe me your pardon for presuming, and your patience in accepting at my hands this —

— This partly (if the great arrerage of duty and thankfullness I owe you, challenge not priority) hath moved me to present —

I dare not give sail into the Ocean of your vast

soul, which is capable of all things from the highest to the lowest in perfection.

Like a man whose heart disdain'd all desires but one.

Which authority (too great a sail for so small a Boat) did

He made his eyes quick Messengers to his mind.

Betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose up like two fair mountaintops in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*) there hung. ———

At which the Clouds of my thoughts quite vanish.

Blossoming like a fair morning in *May*.

Do you not see that this is a sallet of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambrosia* of your beauty?

Here I make a full point of a hearty sigh.

This promise bound him Prentice.

He thought so much of, ——— that all other matters were but digressions to him.

(Not spoken by Ceremony, but by truth) ———

I am too unfit a vessel, in whom so high thoughts should be engraven.

Thus was the riches of the time spent.

Despair is the bellows of my affection.

————— As if his motions were chain'd to her look.

————— Whose name was sweetned by your breath.

Most blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand, whereto all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not ———

(Beautifying her face with a sweet smile.)

————— Humbly besought her to keep her speech for a while within the paradise of her mind.

If



If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or  
in my imagination feign to my self any thing —

With all the conjuring words which de-  
sire could endite, and authority utter.

(A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind)

Vouchsafe (only height of my hope) to —

I desire that my desire may be weighed in the bal-  
ances of honour, and let Vertue hold them.

More or less according as the Ague of her  
passion was either in the fit or intermission. •

His sports were such as carried riches of knowledg  
upon the stream of delight.

Then she began to display the storehouse of her  
desires.

Perceiving the flood of her fury began  
to ebb, he thought it policie to take the first of the  
tide, —

(Making vehement countenances the listers  
of his speech) began —

Hide my fault in your mercy.

I'll be centinel your safety.

Your words to me are Acts, your promises are  
Deeds.

You wrap me up with wonder.

Can your belief lay hold on such a Miracle?

Her mind (being an apt matter to receive what  
from his amplifying speeches would lay upon it)  
danced so pretty a measure to his false musick,  
that —

Clouded with passion,

Never did pen more quakingly perform his  
Office, never was paper more doubly moistned  
with ink and tears, never words more slowly mar-  
ried together —

Fearing how to end, before he had resolved how  
to begin. —

— Having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coals of his desire.

— House. The seat Nature bestowed, but Art gave the building.

It was hard to say, whether pitié of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the sovereign in his passions.

— 'Twas a Magnes stone to his courage.

His arm no offer gave blows, then the blows gave wounds, then the wounds gave death.

— Her hand (one of the chiefest of Cupids firebrands) —

By the foolish idolatry of affection —

(When the morning had won the field of darkness)

Please sooner trust a Sinon.

'Tis now about the noon of night.

(Too mean a shrine for such a Relique) —

— Carried by the tide of his imaginations —

But when her breath broke the prison of her fair lips, and brought memory (with his servant senses) to his natural office, then —

I pray God make my memory able to contain the treasure of this wise speech —

Her arms and her tongue (Rivals in kindness) embracing —

Whilst the Roses of his Lips made a Flower of affection with the Lilies of her hands.

Your will (directress of my destiny) is to me a Law, yea, an Oracle.

She incorporated her hand with his.

Then (as after a great tempest) the sky of her countenance cleared.

As in a clear mirror of sincere good will, he saw a lively picture of his own gladness.

— My mind (as yet a Prentice in the painful

full mystery of passions) brought me into a new universe of my thoughts.

I have not language enough to fathom the depth of your virtues.

I'll reare a *Pyramid* to your memory.

My want of power to satisfie so great a debt makes me accuse my fortunes.

Such endearments will too much impoverish my gratitude.

How can I commit a sacrilege against the sweet Saint that lives in my inmost Temple?

I am too weake a hand to tye so heavenly a knot.

The greatnesse of the benefit goes beyond all measure of thanks.

While she spake, the quintessence of each word distilled down into his affected soul.

Departing he bequeathed by a will of words, sealed with many kisses, a full gift of all his love and life to——

Having with a pretty paleness (which left milky lines upon her Rosie cheeks) paid a little duty to humane fear——

—You, whom I have cause to hate, before I have means to know.

I will not die in debt to mine own duty.

—She, in whom nature hath accomplished so much, that——

Imagine, vouchsafe to imagine——

His fault found an easie pardon at the Tribunal he appealed to——

O my Dear,——! said she, and then kiss him, as loth to leave so perfect a sentence without a *Comme*.

—Dearly purchasing the little ease of my body with the afflictions of my mind.

I am not *Oedipus* enough to understand you.

All things lye level to your wishes.

They began to imp the wings of time, with the Feathers of several recreations.

—— When my wishes be at anchor in so secure a haven.

You are the Life and Being of what I only esteem happy.

(For the Heavens had made this the *Rendezvous* where his misfortunes should meet)

—— It is a fit soyl for praise to dwell upon.

Thys great with child to speak ——

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts)

—— Which (as the Pole-star) is ever in motion, but never setteth.

—— This is no Benefice, but a Malefice, a golden snare, a Carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan Horse*, which will produce Arms ——

He went like a Torrent, whither passion transported him, and where the blast of Ambition breathed.

—— More fruitful in strong imaginations, then Religious in choyce of words, and polished in periods.

Your words are full of cunning, your cunning of promises, your promises of wind.

He is a *Phaeton* of pride.

I le bosome what I think.

She was the object of his thoughts, the entertainment of his discourse, the contentment of his heart.

My happinesse being in the Wane, or my misfortune growing towards the Full.

From a Window he sent his soul unto me by his eyes ——

I remain impossibilized to do other wise then ——

That.

That so I may be raised from the ground of my misery to the heaven of my desire.

— Esteeming more this instant of glory which I enjoy in seeing you, then any other happiness, saving that which is eternal.

To deny me this favour, and give me my death, is one and the same thing.

To wander in the *America* and untravell'd parts of truth.

He led our expectation into thoughts of great relief.

Whetting his tender wit upon the sandy stone of her edging inportunity —

Let purpose be made servant to more apt opportunity.

— Him, with whom compar'd, I am lesse then a shadow.

— If I should expatiate upon this subject, I could not be held a flatterer, but rather a Suffragan to Truth.

The only Quint-essence, that hitherto the Alchymie of wit could draw out of —

— But then, as though he had been suddenly ravish'd with divine afflition, and struck into a transport, he swears —

We utterly condemn and renounce (as *Atalanta's* Apple, which retards the Race) that unreasonable and childish humour of accelerating early pledges of new works. *Bacon.*

— Rendred in an equal felicity of expression, to — It comes in, but *Ex obliquo* —

— He dyed (*Sicca morte*) his own natural death.

— Forcibly carried away (I know not by what Fate, against the bent of my own *Genius*) to —

Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman; if she be too much woo'd, she is the further off.

You out-shot me in my own Bow.

Many strange and absurd imaginations came into his mind, and peopled his brain.

Pardon my rude expressions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

— This is indeed a service, whereunto I acknowledge my self able to bring more Zeal and good affection, then any other abilities.

( Till these late years of frenzy ) —

So we may both renue the fault passed, and with the same diligence, provide against future inconveniencies.

That every one may understand, I seek not to balk any thing by silence, or to cloud any thing by words. *Bacon.*

Your bounty (like a new Spring) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

— It took me up little more time, then nature uses to bestow in the production of a Mushrome, a day and a night —

— When this succeeded not, I travelled in my mind over —

Thus like *Noah's Dove*, wearying my self with flying up and down, and finding no rest for the sole of my foot, I was at last forced to — *Cressy.*

What a world of inavoidable inconveniencies did presently throng into my understanding!

To bury a Fly in a Sepulcher of Amber.

My desire to see took away my sight, as it fares with those who are suddenly taken with a killing beauty, or gaze upon the Sun, *Herb. Travels.*

— I plead guilty to unworthinesse, and all the imperfections you can throw upon youth or haste.

None can think so ill of me, as I do of my self, the rather that your pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of miracle upon me, in raising my dead thoughts to life.

Disco-



— Discovering my self nakedly, to my very thoughts.

Be pleased therefore with your naturall benignity, to admit into your peacefull solitude this — a blessing which the Author ( alas ! ) dares not promise to himself, since by himselfe he is judged unworthy, and by others incapable of it. *Cressy.*

I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

I will lead you through no more extravagancies, lest your inereated patience turn into exotick passion. *Herb. Triv.*

You have endeavoured to make A. th: Foyl, that should set off your brightness, and yet you prove but the cloud that darkens her light.

To sail in the *Aegean Sea*. i. *to be incumbered with difficulties.*

He (being a man of an early, as well as of an implacable malice) did —

A. was an Actor in that Tragedy, yet laid the blame on B. as the Cuckow lays her brood in other nests.

I will at length put an end to this tedious (but that it is so necessary) a discourse —

This (if passion and interest do not interpose) will satisfy —

In th: strength of this well-meaning, and holy kind of Error, which he incur'd (if any error may well deserve so indulgent a name) he did —

— Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility, *Sir Tob. Mat.*

This which I promise shall be performed) upon the price of being otherwise accounted an Infidel) —

Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

When I compar'd that kind of descent with my plain song, I found —

*Such*

Such, who have been cast over-board from Grace,  
into the storm and tempest of a sinful life, may yet  
be.

Intellectuals and morals, I count but as the sim-  
ples of the Soul.

—To such (if any be) I heartily wish a *procul ite*.

In these times (wherein the Tongue and Presse  
assume so luxurious a latitude) —————

He came (as the *Italian* says) a *buona luna*, in a good  
hour, or happy time.

*A Cavallo, A Cavallo.* In post hast.

Give me leave to fear (and I heartily  
wish it may be a causeless and mistaken fear)  
that —

For divisions (I speak it with depth of sadness)  
he need not —

————— Taking this result of ————— as an opiate to  
allay the fumes of all our distempers. *Montagu.*

————— Carried away with the Whirl-wind of  
Ambition.

It did (after the manner of the *Tartars* bowe) shoot  
back from whence it came *Bacon.*

The amazed Sun hid his face behind a mask of  
clouds.

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

I cannot cloath my thoughts in better lan-  
guage.

The nights black mantle over-spreads the sky.

Your language is more dubious than an Oracle.

————— Then, when the Morns fair cheek had not  
yet lost her tears.

Words are airy shades; they are deeds that  
please.

Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.

Night clad in black, mourns for the loss of day.

The face is the Index of the mind.

I am but coffin to my cares.

As not by my assent, so neither by my silence, must I have any hand in the Midwifery of so monstrous productions.

I will out-royl the day for your content.

I listned for that strings and you have touch'd it.

—(Affairs being drawn to the very dregs of malice)—

They are divided to so high a rivalry, as—

By exquisite methods of cunning and cruelty, I must be compelled first to follow the Funerals of my honor, and then be destroyed. *Icon. Basil.*

I am content so much of my heart should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations, which some men use in their Speeches and Expresses.

The highest tide of successe sets me not above a treaty, nor the lowest ebb below a fight.

A little leaven of new distast, doth commonly sowre the whole lump of former merits. *Bacon Hen. 7.*

These lines (the weak and feminine issue of my sick and distempered age)——

But above all remember (and let this be still riveted in your thoughts) the time——

A Christian mans-care ought to begin and end in the circle of himself——*Tu tibi primus & ultimus.*

Give me leave to unbreak the secrets of my thoughts to you.

He undertakes to correct *Magnificat.*

——The Fates of whose House they seem with great affection to espouse, and think with their bladders to buoy up his sinking ship. *Nabob redivivus.*

With unblushing importunity.

Sooner shall the Seas ebbing and flowing for—

forlake the Moons course, then——

But (the better to enliven our discourse with examples)

My understanding's not so fraught with prejudice, nor acquainted with uncooth evasions, as to——

——The trees are widowed of their leaves.

——That Ember-week-face of thine.

——Passed over, like great King *Xerxes* in a Scul'cr.

Thou bringest straw to *Aphraim*.

To doubt of —— is an effeminacy of belief.

*Ex abundantia amoris*; out of the surplusage of love.

——Sucking her sweet breath, determined in himself there had been no life to a Camelions, if he might be suffered to enjoy that food.

A little wealth shall suffice, to put me in safeguard against the accidents of a necessitous life.

(Sufferring in the pride of his full content.)

If I satisfy you, I satisfy my self, desiring the one, because I wish for the other.

The promise is great, but the performance shall be no less.

His rudeness was interpreted plainness, though there be great difference between them.

I will not leave a mark in my self of an unredeemable trespass.

I with as much confidence as necessity flye to you, who have alwayes had your determinations bounded with enquiry.

The abortive issue of my wit.——

——That moves not within the Zodiack of my expectation.

It hath turn'd my cordials into corrosives.

——Seeing the glory of this sun to obscure the lesser lamp of his reputation.

——Which alone was the center of her felicity.

——Sealed by your solemn protestation, which is the non n'tra of assurance.

This

This is a syllogisme of the fourth figure ; absurd and ridiculous.

Get thee to bed, the casements of thine eyes are shut, imprisoning their dearlight.

Heaven has made your memory too humble ; thus to record your creatures service.

— — — Protesting that the period of his obedience, should be the end of his life.

— — — Which the unseasonable sins of these seasons, make so seasonable.

— — — Men, who leave the fountains of the living waters, and take themselves to cisterns of their own digging.

I have by diligent search found out *Ariadne's* thread, to winde you out of the perplexed mazes of a subtle *Dadalus*.

— — — Your eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood shorted with passion) shall plainly discern — — —

— He left the rude lump of his begun projects to be licked over with the industry of — — —

I have sacred this offertory of my thoughts to you.

— — — Persons, whom the conscience of their guilt hurries on to despair.

If the happy *Damon* of *Ulysses* direct not the wandering Planet of my wit within the decent Orb of wisdom (my stammering pen seeming far overgone with superfluity of phrase) yet — — —

— — — As delightful, as the delays of parting Lovers. *Gond.*

Many moneths are now past, since my heart hath increased the number of your vassals. *Snar.*

I speak this, but *en passant*.

To finish the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruelty.

My

My Pen hath been redundant, as to due measure, but very scanty as to matter.

When corruption of manners had wash'd away the worlds virginity, and turn'd me from fervently devout into a churlish and penurious rapidity; then was it that

Though your goodnesse rejects no emanation of a great affliction, yet

Which are the *Passes* of your severest hours.

I had rather your vertue should blush, then my unthankfuinesse make me ashamed. *Dr. Taylor.*

—There's a power in your acceptance to make plainnesse a fashion—

I am ready to receive Law from you, whensoever by the least syllable of your blessed-lips, or pen, you shall please to impose it.

—At such time as your silent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (which now begs to live a shrub under the secure shade of your patronage) was sin'd into English, *Hymens Praludia.*

—Let any man (who has not his senses sodden in *Trapezium* his temper) Judge

It was at the dawning of the Morn, about that mongrel hour, which, gotten betwixt night and day, is half an Echiop and half white. *Pastor Fido.*

I sling my stone at this Gyant, and I hope, hit him.

INSTRU-





# INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

WRITING and ADDRESSING

# LETTERS.

**I**N writing Letters, there may be four things regarded; the Invention; the Fashion; or ~~inditing~~ (as we call it); the Hand-writing; and the Orthographie; though the two first are most considerable.

Invention ariseth from your businessse, whereof there can be no Rules of more certaintie, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture may lay downe of the severall occasions of all mens particular lives and vocations. But sometimes mens make businessse of kindnesse. As, I could not satisfie my self, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters, with commendations to you. My businessse is no other but to testifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingnesse to do you any service: Or, have you leasure to descend to the remembrance of that assurance you have long had in me; and upon your next opportunity to make me happy with any imployment, you shall assign me, &c. Or such like words, which go a begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great Burden, Nothing.

When

When you have invented, if your business be matter, and not bare form; nor meer ceremony, but of some concern: Then you are to proceed to the ordering it, and digesting the parts, which is sought out of two circumstances: One is the understanding the person to whom you write; the other is the coherence of the matter; For mens capacity and delight, you are to weigh what will be apprehended first with greatest attention and pleasure, what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will leave most satisfaction, and as it were the sweetest relish and memoriall of all that is past in his understanding to whom you write.

For the consequence of sentences, you must see that every clause do as it were give the cue to the other, and seem to be bespoken ere it come; Order and coherence in writing being that fire of reason, without which all our works would be dead and inanimate.

Now for *Fashion*, it consists in four qualities of your *Stile*. The first is *Brevity*; For Letters must not be Treatises or discourses, except it be among learned men, and even with those there is a kind of thrift and saving of words. You are therefore to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them convey the sweetest and most significant *English* words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another mans fancy, and to pen it fully, smoothly, and distinctly; so as the Reader may not think a second view cast away upon your Letters. In effect, the goodness of words is, as the foundation of all Eloquence, and he said well, who compared them to garments, that were invented for necessary, yet did also serve for ornament.

But though respect be a part after this, yet must

I here remember it. If you write to a person, with whose condition and humour you are well acquainted, you may be the boldet to set a task to his brain. If to your superior, you are bound to measure in him three further points; First, your *Interest* in him; secondly, his *capacity* of your Letters; thirdly, his *leisure* to peruse them. For your *interest* or favour with him, you are to be the shorter or longer, more familiar or submiss, as he will afford you time. For his *Capacity*, you are to be quainter, or fuller of those reaches or glances of wit or learning, according to his comprehension. For his *leisure*, you are commanded to the greater brevity, as his place is of greater discharges and cares. With your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too niggardly of your words, nor to cause the trouble of making *Breviats*, by writing too copiously, or wastingly.

Brevity is commonly attain'd by avoiding idle complements, prefaces, protestations, long Parentheses, supplications, wanton circuits of figures and digressions, by composition, omitting conjunctions; Not only but also, *the one and the other*, whereby it comes to pass, &c. and such like particles, that have no great business in a serious Letter; By breaking off sentences; as oftentimes a short journey is made long by many baits. But as *Quintilian* saith, There is a briefness of the parts sometimes, that makes the whole long; As, *I came to the stairs, I took a pair of Oars, they launch'd out, rowed apace, I landed at Westminster, I paid my Fare, went to the Parliament House, asked for a Member, I was admitted.* All this is, but *I went to Westminster and Spake with my friend.*

Under this Notion somewhat may be said  
of

of *Periods*, which ought not to be too long, nor yet too short. *QUO MAGIS VIRTUS EO MAGIS MEDIETAS*. All vertue consists in a certain Geometrical mediocrity, equally distant from excess and default. Some Writers have prescribed a *Period* not to exceed that length which a man may well pronounce in a breath. There ought likewise to be a special regard had to the cadence of the words, that the whole contexture of the *Period* may yield a certain kind of harmony to the ear; for *Longinus* says, *The true sounds and tones of Periods may be compared to a great Feast made up of many dishes*.

The next property of Epistolary Style, is, *Per-spiciuity*, which is not seldom endangered by the former qualitie. *Brevitie*, oftentimes by affectation of some wit, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art, is ill angled for; few words darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurts the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding as much as the shortest note. Therefore let not your Letter be pen'd like an *English Statute*, and be sure to avoid fungous words, and empty inflations; which may best be done by considering your business, and distinctly understanding your self; and this will be much furthered by examining your thoughts, and exposing them as well to the light and judgement of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares. 'Tis for want of this consideration that many good Scholars speak but falteringly, like a rich Tradesman that for lack of paticular note and difference, can bring you no ware readily out of his shop. By this means talkative shallow persons sometimes content the hearers more then the wise. But this may finde a speedier redress in writing, where  
all

all comes under the last examination of the Eyes. First, mind it well, then pen it, then examin it, then mend it, and you may be in the better hope of writing accurately.

Under this virtue may come Plainness, which is, not to be too curious in the order; as to answer a Letter, as if you were to answer Interrogatories, *To the first, first; to the second, secondly;* But in the method, to use, as Ladies do in their attire, a diligent kind of negligence; *NON ENIM ELOQUENTIAM EX ARTIFICIO, SED ARTIFICIUM EX ELOQUENTIA NATUM*, says Cicero. And Longinus hath this excellent observation, *That Art does then appear perfect, when she can scarce be distinguish'd from Nature her self.* And though with some men you are not to jest, or practise capricious of wit, yet the delivery of the most weighty and important matter, may be carried with such an easie grace, as it may tickle the fancy of the Reader, and yeeld a recreation to the Writer; as Plato observes, *lib. 6. de Legibus.*

There must be variety, but not excess of terms, as if you are to name *store*, sometimes you may call it *choyce*, sometimes *Plenty*, sometimes *copie*, or *variety*, But ever so, as the word that comes in lieu, have no such difference of meaning, as to put the sense in hazard of being mistaken.

You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed mo-  
ding terms of the time; as to *acquiesce*, to *esponse an interest*, to *exjole*, to *incommode*, to *have a pique against one*, &c. but use them properly in their places, as others; matter and substance being preferrable before words or form. For, as a modern French Author says, *The most excellent words without soli-*

dity of matter, are no more considerable, than the burst of a Cannon, without Ball, which makes a great noyse, but does no execution. Besides, a vain curiosity of words hath so much scandalized some Philosophers, that Seneca (in one of his Epistles) says, Had it been possible to make himself understood by signes, he would rather serve himself of them, than of discourse, to the end, he might the better avoid all manner of affectation. Whereunto may pertinently be subjoynd those excellent lines of Mr Hobbs (in his answer to Sir Will. Davenants Preface) in these words: *As the sense we have of bodies, consists in change and variety of impression; so also does the sense of language in variety and changeable use of words: I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travell, but in the new (and withall significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received, and in far-fetch'd (but withall apt, instructive and comely) similitudes.*

There follows *Life*, which is the strength and finews (as it were) of your style, by pretty sayings, similitudes and conceits, allusions, some known history or other common place, such as are in the second book of Tully *de Oratore*. And (if we may credit Hermodenes) a moderate interlacing of verse among prose, is not without its gentleness.

But too great a mixture of other languages in your style, some (and those of the more learned) have compared to a party-coloured coar, made up of severall pieces of stuff; others to Anacreons Swan, which had neither blood, flesh nor bone.

The fourth is *Respect*, to discern what befits your self, him to whom you write, and the matter you treat of, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it does include the rest; and that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which (as an

Author



Author truly says) is gotten by four ways, by the gift of God; by Nature, diligence, and conversation; serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

In the close of your letter you must by all means endeavour to come off handsomely, by avoiding those trite and over-worn conclusions, *Thus I rest, So I remain, Thus I take my leave, &c* and by taking rise from the next precedent matter of your Letter, make your subscription appendant thereto.

For the *Hand-writing*, if you attain not to perfection, it ought at least to be legible, and the matter fairly written, and truly pointed, with *Comma* (,) *Colon* (:) *Semicolon* (;) *Period* (.) *Parenthesis* ( ) *Interrogation* (?) and *Admiration* (!) points, as the matter requires.

*Apostrophe's* are now also much in use, which is only a cutting off a Syllable or vowel, for brevity sake; as *lov'd*, *mov'd*, for *loved*, *moved*: *'tis*, *that's*, for *it is*, *that is*, and the like.

The last is the *Orthography*, or true writing of words, which (though not much valued by some, yet) I hold a quality so incident to a good Penman, that he cannot be said to be perfect in that faculty, without it; nor do I believe one of ten, even among Scholars well skild therein. And of these I shall offer you some few nice examples, of many more, which might be added.

*N I* or *N I S I*, *lest*, as *lest* such a thing should happen: is without an *a*. *M I N I M U S* the *least* in quantity.

*Perdo* to *lose*, as to *lose* ones money, with a single *o*, *Salvo* to *loose* or *wnty*.

A *Herd* of *Deer*, not speld with an *a*, as *heard* from (*Audio*) is. And a *Dier*, as *Eera*, a *Buck* or *Do*, not with an *a*, as *dear* from *charu* a *dear* friend.

*Rite* or *custom* (*ritus*) *Right* or *just* (*æquum*)

a *wheelwright* (*rotifex*) to *write* (*scribo*)

a *shoot* or young sprig; a *suit* of clothes, to *sute* with any occasions. And so to *shout* for joy.

A *Mesnage* or a house, differs from a *Message*, or errand sent by one.

To *cite* or *summon*. *Site* of a late Castle or house, or the place where it stood; *scite* (*SCITUM*) or an Ordinance or Edict; *sight* (*VISUS*) as the sight of the eye.

*Meat* which we eat; and to *mete* or measure, &c.

So (*sic*) or even *so*; to *sow* (*Semino*) as we do corn, and to *sew*, as women do with a needle.

*Prey* (*præda*) as a Hawks *prey*, differs from to *pray* or beg (*precor*.)

*Tovain* (as a King does) to *rain* or showr down water; the *reines* of the back; the *rain* of a bridle; all of like sound but differently written.

An *eare* of corn; the *ear* wherewith we hear; a *year* (*annus*) consisting of 12 moneths; *ere* while, or *ere* it be long.

L E T.



## LETTERS.

## I.

*To revive Friendship in the Son, by remembrance of the Fathers love.*

S I R,



Worth is not confin'd to place ; so nor the affection of friends to presence : your excellent deserts command my respects where ever, your absence draws these following salures, as the testimonies of my esteems and well-wishes. In your noble Father I lost a worthy friend, in you I find him again : you no less inherit his goodness, than estate ; this entitles me your neighbour, that makes his loves lineal and sure ; and as neither with decrease, so both to the augmentation of my acknowledgments. The power of my friend is a shelter and joy, his faithfulness my security, yet I love for worth, not profit. This name of *Friendship* I grant is spreadly appellative but the thing it self as rare in experience ; as loud in vogue. Your fathers love I enjoy'd in calm times ; I prove yours in the tempests of Fortune : My confidence assures me, he would not have faild the Test, my triall

H 3

proves

proves you do not; a certainty that precludes doubt and no less obliges my proportion'd gratitude. It were easie now (Sir) to say, were you under my Stars, I would be the same I find you; I would so, nay, should hate my self, did I feel but an inclination to the contrary. Yet all this evinces no more, than what you please to believe; Professions and Performances are not the same; what I would be, will not surmount conjecture; your nobleness shews it self in effects irrefragable. I know nothing can make me truly miserable, but my self; and as well I know and feel in lowering times, how consolatory is the countenance of a real friend; such your best self, to whom I shall always subsign my self.

Sir,

*A most humble servant,*  
D. W.

I I.

*Complement.*

S I R,

**A** Great Philosopher complain'd, that the Fabrick of mans body was defective; For (said he) nature should have made a window in the Breast, by which we might look into the bottom of his heart, to see, when he speaks, whether his words be conform to the dictates of his heart, and whether that which we see without, have an uniform relation to that within. Trust me (Sir) though I quarrel not with nature in this kind, yet I wish my Breast transparent, that you might see in what deep characters your affection is engraven in my heart, and how really I am (what you have made me)

Sir,

*Your most faithfull servant,*  
T. B.

## I I I.

*Acknowledgment.*

SIR,

**I** Have long studied an acknowledgement in some sort answerable to your many favours, but Fortune has dealt so sparingly with me, that I (who have most desire) am least able to shew my remerciements, otherwise than by a course paper present; yet I wish I could erect some lasting monument, that might speak your worth and my engagements, whereby, after-times might know that, though I had not ability to requite, yet I had a heart to be thankfull, which shall always pronounce me,

Sir,

*Your most obliged friend  
and servant,*

T. B.

## I V.

*Another.*

**T**Hough my acquaintance with you, for time and conversation, has had the misfortune to be but small; yet is my experience of your excellent worth both full and satisfied, even to admiration. With some natures, I confess, much salt is to be eaten, before judgment can be prudentially settled; Others like the Sun, or Light, have power to blazon themselves in a moment: This excellency seems to shine in your nobler constitution; and this commands my so sudden esteem and affections. Sir, you have then a servant, but he wants power to express how much he is so; If I say, all I am, is at your

devotion, 'tis not all I am ready to perform, because desire and readiness surpass in me my too much limited abilities. You see then your creature and instrument expects but your pleasure for operation, as far as he is apt, yet some offices he will undertake uncommanded, (*viz.*) his daily oraisons for your good, chiefly that which is sovereign; In which to make him more active, your consent and call shall be the welcome employment the world can lay upon him. Future occasions may enlarge my expressions; I shall now content my self, that I have presumed to salute you with these generals, whom I have devoted my self to honour in all particulars. Now let me thank you for all received favours, for those immerited regards that began my obligations and continue my gratitude; for your late kind token, which was of multiplied value drawn from the sender. If these find acceptance, and their presumption pardon, 'twill animate him hereafter not to be silent, that shall live by being, if he may be (as he would)

Sir,

Intirely yours,  
D. W.

V.

*To excuse silence.*

*Madam,*

**M**Y seeming hopes have been fed even with an assurance, that London should ere this have been made happy with your presence, else I had not thus long hazarded the loss of your good opinion by my silence; since I confess to owe a debt to your goodness, which all the respect and service



service my poor abilities are able to perform, can never thoroughly satisfy. I beg, at present, but a continuance of your favours towards me; and (because I know you just) shall only expect them hereafter according to the measure of my services, which I have faithfully devoted to your best self, in quality of

Madam,

*Your virtues humble honourer,*

T. B.

V I.

*From a Gentleman (banished the Lines of Communication) to a Lady in London.*

Madam,

**I**F I could decline the thought of a necessity of being here, and believe this *Banishment* to be a voluntary retirement, I should account my self extremely happy; for here we freely enjoy those felicities so much sought for in *London*, the fresh air, and singing of the Nightingale; yet I must confess I begin to be satiated with these solitary pleasures, not so suitable with my disposition, as the conversation of my friends; and could willingly exchange the company of Birds and Beasts, for the society of men. But pardon me (*Madam*) it was not my intention to trouble you with what I do or suffer, or to wish you where I would not be my self; but to beseech you to retain a memory of me, till I am restor'd to the honour of kissing your hands; a happiness daily desired by

Madam,

*The humblest of your servants,*

H

## VII.

*A second Salutation, upon the miscarriage of a former Letter.*

SIR,

I Address'd my salutes before, but here they miscarried. The labour to repeat them is not burthensome; yet lest their loss might bring you into suspicion, that I was as silent as their miscarriage makes me seem, I adde these to try better fortune; in which, if more happy, they know their errand, to present me and my loves to your devotion. If they stammer in the delivery, they best express my self, who (surcharg'd by your deserts) must conceive more obligation, smother more affection, than I can utter. You can mend both by the clearness of a candid interpretation, till both are able to be more articulate and plain; None can better expound gratitude, than he who most merits it. Sir, I forget not the delights of your ingenious conversations, those sweet (but too short) moments of my contents. I remember your ready favors, your reall endearments, I remember all, and for all am thankfull. Will you have more? More than this you cannot, I am (what I am)

Sir,

*Very much yours,*

D. W.

VIII.

## VIII.

*An Answer to a Letter of kindness.**Most honoured Cousin,*

**T**He great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that, the favour to be the unworthy object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other heaven upon earth, than always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many virtues may create in me some kind of goodness. But since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is,

*Most happy in your acknowledgment. T. B.*

## IX.

*Passionate affection.**Madam,*

**S**ince that very hour, wherein Fortune made me happy in your knowledge, next after God, I neither have love, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you: The day yeelds up all my thoughts, as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agitations of Spirit) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute dominion, so shall it yeeld you a constant sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the Being of,

*Madam;**Your most devoted servant. T. B.*

K.

*From a Commander to his Mistress.**Madam,*

**T**Hough I have lately been brought even to the confines of Deaths Kingdom, yet I retain so much strength; as to tell you I am alive; and must crave leave to renew that protestation, which I have heretofore so often made, not to be willing to live but for your service. The scars of war in some sort resemble the wounds of love, since, those which I received, have not at all diminish'd the desire I had to serve my Religion, and these, which you gave me, have increas'd that passion to honour you, which reigns within my Soul. My hand has not strength enough to write more, and its weakness may serve as a proof of my affection, which shall be alwaies greater than my power, as the effects of my obedience shall ever be less than my devotion to serve you, all days of my life, in quality of

*Madam,**The dearest lover of your best self.*

X I.

*Of Consolation?**Noble Madam,*

**I** Have received your gracious lines, of which, I make a jewel; because both in themselves good, as also because I take them not to be common. For these are the conditions, that upon most things, set a value; . But could those be wanting, yet would they

they not want a high rate, had they no other vertue, than the coming from you; If their kindness to me had bin accompanied with the characters of your own more wished Fortunes, they had by far, been more contentfull: whereas now, as they tell me, I have a friend; they at the same view add, she's far less happy than I could wish her; Thus the same syllables make the same thoughts at once, both hapless and fortunate. But, *Madam*, as the news general, and your particular, share both in malignity, because both bad; so, I hope yours at least is at the worst; and by sequel upon amendment; and hopes of better is always a fair point of good fortune, which to make more sure, you to your self will not (I hope) be wanting. There was a Philosopher said, that each one is the framer of his own Fate; and I am partly of his Sect, at least so far as I believe no fate so bad, but 'tis in the power of the sufferer to make it (if not good) better. And so *Madam* (I hope) will both your wisdom and vertue endeavour; and this by solid grounds and ways, without which the rest will be labour in vain. The task you have set me to this end (to wit) my prayers, I both daily have, do, and will perform; and if a partner in misfortunes might lessen the burthen, as some have thought, I cannot be without my part in yours. Nor, were't in my power, should your Ladyship be a moment without better comforts. But I leave this sad strain till fitter opportunity, and rest,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladyships humble servant,*

D. W.

A

## XII.

*A passionate Letter of affection.**My inestimable Jewel,*

**T**He long continuance of all things ( my infinite love to you excepted ) does by little and little decay them ; but 'tis my pride, that each gray hair time adds to the affection I bear you ( which again I pronounce infinite ) brings an inclination to a second infinity, and remains the only excusable dotage now extant, turning my present solitary life to one of much business ; for always to think of you, I esteem my business, my faith, my every thing. Your constancy can never find out a greater, than mine ; for 'tis a vast one, and shall out-last all things about it ; Therefore look that yours be as true marble, as you will other wise answer the utter undoing of

*Madam,*

*Your truly, truly, truly,  
constant servant.*

## XIII.

*To a Landlord in behalf of his Tenants.**Most honoured Sir,*

**T**O move you to justice were in some sort to conclude you guilty of injustice, and to request your pitie in behalf of your poor and long oppress'd Tenants, were to proclaim you hard-hearted against them ; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce



nounce your worth, Onely thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the false informations of *A. B. C. D.* and others, of broken credits, as well as Estates, may not take place against these bearers, men of honour and good fortunes, and such as I dare presume will inform you of nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I assume the liberty to subscribe my self,

Sir,

*Your very humble servant.*

XIV.

*A second Letter, upon a late acquaintance.*

SIR,

**A**FTER one Letter (long since sent) and often iniquities, I have, at last, had the happiness to hear of your safety and health. The Relator had an accidentall view of you, and I a reall comfort. I was once made fortunate by opportunity to enjoy your obliging conversation, and engag'd by your noble endearments, but this lost, almost as soon as gain'd; so vanishing the chiefe enjoyances of this fickle life, so unlasting those contents we esteem most ingenuous and innocent. Sir, I have many ties to be yours, and not fewer misfortunes, that I may not be so, as much as I would. But this is a world of crosses, such as, though it has pull'd many down: yet has it set others up in the stead: And this must be so, since without a cross we cannot arrive our Crown. However, neither distance of place, nor intervall of time can change those respects to your noble self, that took both root and

and dare from our first interview. Affection grounded on vertue, must parallel it in content, or be injurious. Your true worth engaged me in ever-honouring esteems, and these I must be unworthy if I do recal. Nor are our immortal Souls so mensurated to place, but they can meet; though our duller clay be confin'd to the accident of commensuration; what they cannot perform by presence, by operation they can; remain where they live, and be where they love; in the circumference be dis-joyned, yet united in the center of hearts, which is their Life and Being; and this is God. Here (Sir) was our first union, and here, I hope, nothing shall separate: yea, each flying moment of time drawes to a more embosoming nearnesse. Sir, when we parted, you enjoyned me to continue you in my best thoughts; This not to remember, I account to forget my self. That I am not banished your memory, one word from your Pen would not only cherish and confirm, but honor and oblige,

Sir,

Your most devoted and  
humble Servant,

D.W.

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XV.

*To excuse silence, &c.*

SIR,

**W**HAT to you I know not, but to me it seems long, since my pen presented my respects. 'Tis true, I wrote last, but this will not excuse; Gratitude makes my addresses due. When you salute, your salutes are pure favours: still oblige,

lige, never incur obligation. If then I have been too remiss, I flye to the Asyle of your pardon; and to render me more capable of it, give me leave to add this qualification: That not neglect, but fear to be troublesome, caused the interval. *Est modus in rebus*——I would observe duty, I hate to be unreasonable: He that can light on the Mean, attains the accomplishment of Office; he that misses, may mean wel, but is guilty of some defection towards an extream. But as that moral *Decorum* is the beauty of humane life; so a precise niceness with friends, has too much of scruple. Seemlinesse should not be transgressed, yet Friendship is not stern in her Laws. I may be bold with my self, and next with my friend. Whom endearment makes mutual, love intitles to a latitude of honest action. Sir, that I bear the stile of your Friend, is the greatest adjunct the world can make me happy in; I desire no more splendor of honor, no relation to me so pretious. My request is, it may continue; my endeavour shall be to deserve the continuance; not that I presume I can deserve it, but rather, that I hope, not by a voluntary guilt, to forfeit what you freely confer. Nor will you easily (your goodness is too constant) reject whom you have (with so much condescence,) adopted. My resolve is unchangeable to be,

SIR,

Ever and most intirely  
your devoted servant,  
D.W.

XVI.

To

## X V I.

*To a Mother.**Madam,*

**T**His short time of absence makes me sensible of that great good which Nature gave me, when she ordain'd you to be the Parent and me the child ; for now I feel myself deprived of those joyes, which your presence was wont to afford me ; now I want those lovefull aspects, wherewith your indulgent eye was wont to solace me. In a word, I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever bestow upon an undeserving, yet dutifull child ; for such is

T. B.

## X V I I.

*To beg acquaintance.**SIR,*

**Y**OU may wonder at this boldness : but your worth animates it, and the same I hope, will pardon what it causes. I have often heard of you, and once I saw you ; and by the conversation of a few words, I perceiv'd plentiful evidence, that what I have heard of your merits, was answered in the truth. This your humility may reply, was too short a time for experience. I grant it ; but not to confirm what both the *Good* and *Wise* by report had made credible, the senses should not be deceived, in their proper objects ; and *Hearing* is a sense as well as *Seeing*: and (if it follow the right Rules)

Rules) perhaps as little erring; chiefly if a rational bearing, to which I have some title by essence. Report the subject; that you are deserving, the reported this aver'd by wise men and good men, yea, all men that know you; which I must either believe or be irrational. Sir, the truth is, I am so fully persuaded of this verity, that I am truly ambitious of your more acquaintance; and that this may be by pen, till more joyn'd aboads afford a presential intercourse. If your thoughts answer, no greater obligation can be laid upon

Sir,

*Your most faithfull servant;*  
D. W.

## X V I I I.

*In answer to a Complement.*

SIR,

**T**HAT I live (though absent) thus fresh in your memory, I count my glory, and that you write to me, my happiness; which favours that I may seem in some measure to deserve, I address these, not as satisfactory Acquittances (for such my weak merit, does not aim at) but as respective acknowledgments, which your greater goodness commands from me. I have now throughly both seen and felt the Bath, and as I find my self nothing ameliorated in completion of face, or temperature of body; so is the disposition of my mind to serve you nothing lessened, but does adequately increase, with the obligations of

Sir,

*Your unalterable servant,*  
T. B.

X. I X.

## XIX.

*A facetious Letter upon sending a Christmas  
Pye to a friend.*

SIR,

I Salute you with a poor token, a pastry Bak'd-meat; as a recognition of my gratitude for your noble entertainments, and not entertainments only but even harbour in a push of necessity, which I construe, to have multiplied the courtesie to many degrees of height. These to requite I confess myself unable, and to forget as unwilling. The mean of both I undertake, that is, to greet you with my grateful and remembring respects: which if you please to entertain in my sense, it shall be interpreted a new added favour, and speak me thankful. Grateful minds can acknowledge what they cannot retribute, and this is both my fortune and meaning. Sir, that I may be some imperfect Index or like the *Westminster Tomb-shewer*, tell who or what lies here: You have or shall finde in the center, a *Neats Tongue*, enpanched by a *Goose*, next both Tongue and Goose, like the Isle of *Candia*, swallowed up by the Turk; Round these, some few other *Volatils*, as lookers on, and though not main Partizans, yet not unimbroyl'd in the danger, for their curiosity. At last comes fierce General Cook, and fortifies all (as he hopes) with a strong line of *Circumvallation*, and, having perfected his works, sends the besieged captive to your best appetite, whereto they are left for triumph and conquest. Sir, new were it not for fear of making this our Post-paste over tedious, and coming too near the heels



heels of time, I could so compare these Animals, or their corps, that there might rise upon their conditions both Emblems and Morals. But this faceteness I will leave to your self and good company, to recreate and better your digestion with. What I chiefly desire to hear in this point, is, that you have been merry in parting the fray; friendly accepted what was cordially meant; That you have vanquished the cruell *Turk*, the peevish *Goose*, the betraying *Tongue*, the wild *Pouline*, the long-nos'd *Wood-cocks*; yea, that you have raz'd the very proud our-works to the ground. This done, I pray, you may conquer your worse enemies, and number me in the *Albe* of

*Your humble servants,*

W.D.

XX.

*To excuse Silence, and acknowledge  
past Favours.*

SIR,

I Have long done you the service, not to trouble you with my lines, but durst no longer pursue this method, lest it might degenerate into the semblance of neglect. If vertue (for her better practice be enthron'd 'twixt two extreames, writing (as an act of vertue) must also keep due distance with them; neither lean to importune frequency

quency without leave, nor be benumb'd by the Lethargy of omission. And you, whose favours have always engaged me yours, will believe my aims have no other end, than to be so, as well in forbearances as actions; provided I fail not as your votary; a crime I should hate my self to think I could be wicked enough to commit; and am sure I never yet was. Sir, you have, I know, received my former Letter, and dain'd the civility of receiving by it my humble grattitudes, for the liberalities it acknowledged. This will not so far encroach upon the Office of my better expressions, as to repent that duty, but must again and again pronounce me, Sir,

*Your gratefull servant,*  
W. D.

## XXI.

*A Letter of thanks, &c.*

*Answered Sir,*

I Have received your friendly Letter, and (by Proxie) your bounty: I am obliged by both, yet am by you debar'd, by pen, to answer either. You fetter me in the limits of ten lines, and these too must be silent of your self, the best subject; I could observe your number, and yet be tedious, did I write short hand; or would I imitate the Lawyers length of a Chancery Bill. But I will not force a double sense on your sincerity; What you will not have in paper, shall warm my breast, those gratefull thoughts, and unfeign'd devotions, that vow and maintain me,

Sir,

*Your ever most affectionate servant,*  
D. W.

XXII.

## X X I I.

*To a Lady upon her weaving hair bracelets.*

*Madam,*

**L**AST night when I found you in a pretty harmless employment, weaving hair bracelets, you commanded me to make you some Poesies for that purpose, which I told you was a work fitter for Poets and men of wit, than for me, whose Cabinet enshrines no such Treasure; yet (Madam) that you may see what a supremacy of power you have over all my faculties, I send you these inclosed; if any of which prove worth your use, the composition must be ascribed to the vertue of your commands, rather than to any skill of mine, which as I disclaim to have, out of a just sense of my own imperfections; so, must I always subscribe my self (out of a like sense of your worth)

*Madam,*

*Your most devoted servant,*

*T. B.*

*Qui est tout de Cœur; n'a point de langue.*

*Qui dedit, se dedit.*

*A se convertitur in se.*

*Nec fallit, nec fallitur.*

*Unus: una: unum.*

*Lo que se sabe sentir, se sabe dezir.*

**Wear this (dear heart) and prove as true  
In faith to me, as I to you.**

**This gift shall tell you, that I do  
Love you alone, and none but you.**

**Dally not, but doe it.**

**No**

No heart more true,  
Then mine to you.

If you love, my love content you;  
For all love, all Faith is ment you.

*Cupid* has bound me by this band,  
To be your servant at command.

I finde it true, though you are gon,  
That Love makes perfect union.

## XXIII.

*Complaining of Absence*

*Madam,*

**I**F I could finde out words to expresse the language  
Of my heart, I should then be able to demonstrate  
how little I enjoy my self, whilst I am absent from  
you, in whom all my joyes and all my felicities are  
so wealthily sum'd up; that as I live; by none but  
you; so, were it as much in my power as desires, I  
should never be absent from you; But since Fate  
has thus decreed a separation, I beseech you let  
nothing make you forget him, who always remem-  
bers you, in quality of

*Madam,*

*Your greatest Admirer,*

T.B.

XXIV.

## XXIV.

*In answer to one that congratulated our arrival  
in the Countrey.*

SIR,

**T**HAT you congratulated our well-coming to G. was so necessary for us, and so great a mark of kindness in you, that I believe without your good prayers, we had taken up our quarters on Saturday night in the Forrest, where we were benighted (a sad thing to think on) and lost our way; But being (as I say) arrived here, by the help of God, and your best wishes, I find little subject for envy in our enjoyments, nor a Deer being left in the Park nor a Kid in season, (unless a wooden one) nor a Walk dry enough for a Spanish-leathershoe; and, I am sure, you will not envy us a little fresh air, since we have paid so dear for it, by the fatigues of a long journey. Trust me (Sir) these things (however you value them) bend my thoughts towards London, and the rather, in respect of your dear self, to whom I am (by manifold obligations)

*An affectionate humble servant,*

T. B.

## XXV.

*Upon the late Compositions.*

SIR,

**H**Ad not Pythagoras excepted our Terrestrial Orbe, when he asserted the Orbes harmonious; this Age had clearly confuted him. For how musical soever those higher are; this I am

I

sure

sure sounds nothing but harsh Discords, and so lowd, we cannot but hear them; so unpleasant, that the din discomposes quiet minds. The way to ease our selves, is hard, yet not impossible: but what is it? 'tis this, *To regulate our abode: To compose our own interiour.* He that enjoys intim Peace, is not open to extern broiles: they may beat the out side, but cannot enter; batter the walls of flesh and blood, but the Citadel of reason is safe; and, if reason sway, we flye up to mansions indisturb'd. We are all Citizens of the lower World, I grant, must wish its good; may deplore it's evils; Yet our own private welfare,ought to be to us most precious. This were a Paradox with Politicians (if not well glossed) and so I allow it (each part was made for the whole.) But our Placire still stands; and stands in this: each mortal is nearest to himself. My own preservation lessens not my contribution to the Publike, must I be, or I cannot be able? I must be able, or I cannot aid it. Of Aides, there is more than one sort. All were not fram'd for the same function, or influence. The Martiall blade, and bullet has it's office; so policy military; these we leave to the sons of *Mars*.

Yet we have our duty too, and this is piety. Piety first calms it's own *Jares*; then becomes instrumental to others reconcilement. When Heaven sees me at peace within, I am approved, fit to pacify. To complain of exterior commotions, and my self to be torn by the disorder of my own Passions, is an improper address, a mediation ineffectual. It was well dream't by *Scipio*, when he said; as the intelligences guided (by a regular Order) the upper Spheres; so ought our intellectuall powers govern our own little World. Where the superiour portion of the Soul obeys the divine Lawes, and the part irrational acquiesces to the mind; in the mind (and all



all men) resounds a harmony far surpassing *Pindaric* accents. Ah ! (my friend) were mental and private tumults appeas'd, the civil would cease, and whilst these (with you and I) are settled, the civil cannot annoy us. A compos'd Soul miseries may try, cannot disorder. Whilst others then, fight for earth, and purple it with native blood : let us aspire higher enterprises ; pray for their peace, secure our own. Let us fix our thoughts where ambition reaches not, where War embroiles not, where tranquillity eternally triumphs. Thus shall we offer our selves a peculiar sacrifice before the high Altar of God, in our own condition acceptable, in alien behoof not despised. The incessant vows, of

Sir,

*Your most devoted servant,*

W. D.

XXVI.

A N S W E R.

SIR,

**Y**OU have given us, (who are indeed Terrestrial Cosmopolites) most excellent prescriptions, for the Composure and regiment of the inward man in these times of fluctuation, whereby those that are at war within themselves, may know how to seek, and where to find a lasting peace, a peace with truth and endless repose, and those that are at peace may learn how to settle the Souls Militia in an unconquerable posture of defence against the Common enemy ; In a word, there's a volume of rich Apophthegms abridg'd into the compendium of your letters ; heavens make my breast a fit repository for such treasure. But in conclusion, you evidence the virtue of self-abnegation to be one part of the

*Cargozan* of your ship; For you still work with the old Perspectives, by serving your self of a diminishing Glasse, when you mention your own perfections; and of one, that multiplies, when you make the mole hills of your friends qualities (if any were) to seem mountains. Alas! what is my plain song, if compar'd with your heavenly descant; *Majores majora canunt*. It must content me to contemplate you in a higher Orbe, whilst I lye mudling here below, even

Sir,

*The humblest of your servants,*

T. B.

XXVII.

*To a Lady, upon her leaving the City.*

*Madam,*

**E**Ver since you left *London*, all joyes and good fortune have left us, the heavens have not ceased to shed continuall || tears for your absence, and *Mars* has frownd upon all || *It was a time of great rain.* our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news or enjoy fair weather, till the rayes and vertue of your presence return hither, to uncloud the watry element and uncharm the fortune of War. Whilst in this sadness, I was studying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the enclosed arrives with the much wish'd for news of ——— And if this prove in any measure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of sadder thoughts, which these times are apt to administer, I shall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no title in competition with that of

Madam

*Your humble servant,*

T. B.

XXVIII.

## XXVIII.

*To excuse the not taking leave, and to acknowledge received favours.*

**B**Efore I left London, I did endeavour to have given my personal attendance upon your noble self, with an address of thankfulness for your generous favours, and free entertainments; But this devoir (by your absenting occasions) being frustrate; I am forced upon pen-supply. Wherein yet the most I can express to the purpose, is ingeniously to avow, I am more to your bounties than I can expresse; more expressions to your high Worths, than I can make legible. Which defect of Language (I humbly yet conceive) you of all (Sir,) have most reason to indurge; since your great merits of me, and your own self-nobleness, has most put it to silence. Be then as much above my feeble Oratory, as your endearments transcend my mean deserts; 'tis praise enough, as you aim not at empty Epithets, so your real perfections are abundant and natively clear to be their own encomiums. I, with admiring gratitude, will remember what I cannot utter. Yet (Sir) take this unfeigned image of my thoughts; that from the first hour I received the honour of your acquaintance, I have singularly valued your self; and since you have bin pleas'd to rank me in the albe of your servants, and priviledge me not only with your friendly familiarities, but also signal favours, I confesse my self bound for requital of all, as to yeeld to none in my respect, so to be ever (as I professe I am obliged)

Sir,

*Your servant and votary,*

D. W.

## X X I X.

*A Ladies Answer to her servants first Letter.*

SIR,

**T**HAT upon so small acquaintance, you should make me such friendly and passionate expressions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the best construction of every ones actions; yet (*Sir*) that so many moneths should passe in silence, since I saw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter meerly complementall; these times affording many of your sex, whose pens or tongues can speak one language, and their hearts another. When I find cause to believe your professions real, I shall set a greater value upon your respect: Mean time civility invites me to subscribe my self,

Sir,

*Your humble servant,*  
V. T.

## X X X.

*An Address from one Lady to another.*

Madam,

**I**HAVE not so much vanity to think my self able to make a return, worthy the honour I have received, nor do I bear so little justice to my own gratitude, as not to witness my resentment, though great, yet in huge disproportion to your merit, whose virtues and goodnes I hold in equal value with those of demi-Gods: I receive the new assurance of your Ladyships favour, as a blessing sent me from Heaven, which bids me cherish it and live, since I can relish no felicity without it. Indeed (*Madam*) I know

know not what Sacrifice to offer you for such a bounty: All hearts are made tributary to your Commands; yet none with so much obligation, as that of

*Madam,*

*Your servant,*

E. D.

XXXI.

*The Answer.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU may say of me, as a Cavalier once said of the late Synod, that *they had fate long, and at length hatch'd a Monster* (meaning the *DireStory*:) So have I bin long in answering yours, and at length my dull *Genius* produces this ill-shap'd Letter. *Madam*, if the faculty of my pen were correspondent to the devotion of my heart, I could say much, when as now I must be silent: yet not silent neither; For every cast of my eye upon your lines begets a wonder, and wonder makes me break silence. I have alwayes had your sweet person and vertues in a reverential esteem, and now the charms of your pen have hurld me into new admirations; yet not so, as to forget the old, nor at any time to be lesse than

*Madam,*

*The most humble of your Devotes,*

A. T.

XXXII.

*A Letter from the Author of a Book to the Approver, S<sup>r</sup> N. B.*

*SIR,*

**T**HIS hand which hath stood so long before your Barre, comes now to accuse it self of a fault by which the Judge must needs have

suffered much from the offender, since the foulness of the Copy, is like to have tryed your patience, more than the worth of the cause can hope to have recompenc'd your pains; Wherefore these lines come before you to offer satisfaction at least to your civility, if they fail of giving it to your Judgement, and the course of my life qualifies me better for civil discharges, than for literate satisfactions. You shall then, Sir, receive by this a return of much sense of your fair and obliging carriage towards me in the examination of my papers; wherein I must desire you to consider the whole design, which aims solely at morall regulations, and does rather decline than accept any inducements to controversall doctrines; if there be any point so incident to the subjects, as my opinion must needs appear in some dark light, this may well be conniv'd at by so ingenious a Judge as your self, who cannot expect I should dissemble my principles, though in discretion I was forbid to declaim upon them; So that I conceive your abilities will make a due difference, between what may critically be sifted out, and what does literally profess it self; and of this last sort, I presume you will find nothing in the whole Work, that has an open face of contention or offence; Wherefore upon your animadversions, I have changed the looks of such places, as had any apparent features of enmity, and have offer'd you such satisfaction upon the other points I have not alread, as I hope your candor and dispassionate temper may admit; Upon the opinion whereof, I shall conclude, that if you have found, in these my Meditations, more matter promising good influencies upon the affections of your Country, then projecting any dangerous infusions, you will allow them  
your



your contribution to that effect I have singly proposed in them; In order whereunto my prayers shall intend the suppliment of my pens deficiency; which the lesse worthy it is of this exposure to the World, the more must it owe your patience and civility for your favour to

Sir,

*Your most affectionate servant,*

W. M.

XXXIII.

*Upon the New-year.*

S I R,

**M**Y present Theme is, to give you the ceremonies (in real wishes) of a happy New-year. Nor shall I doubt the effect, since I cannot your *Piety* or *Prudence*. No revolution of time can be inauspicious, where these fair pair of twin-virtues are fixt, and in action. Time tells our hours, produces change, but our happiness, or infortune, onely from our selves. 'Tis vain then to accuse deaf Fate, when we are our own destiny, or at least it, in our abittrement: *Prudence*, (the eye of our life) foresees, disposes our affaires: *Piety*, our selves. That discharges our devoirs, This guides all events (prosperous or adverse) to our eternal (if it cannot tempo.al) felicity. Hence we have a method either to prevent misery, or of turning it into better Luck, by being unhappy. Gross chance

Grant are but sower friends, rather to be entertain'd than invited; yet 'tis too visible, none are more wretched, than those that most court fortune. Give me indifferency, and I'll be fortunes fare, and fortunate, maugre her despight. As to time it self; the best description of it is to employ it well. 'Tis a thing of so swift an essence, that 'tis gone before we can think what it is. 'Tis the measure of sublunary beings, and proclaimes to us, (by its height.) how fast we our selves fade, and dwindle away. The past is no more ours, then frugal usage has made it so. The future is not, and so uncertain whether 'twil ever be in our power. What of it we can own is only the present, and this so coy, that if not taken by the fore-top, 'tis vanish, like a Ghost, and leaves us nothing, but cause to repent and gaze. Ah! my friend, how pretious our moments! on these short instances depends our whole Eternity. Temporal existence is as fickle as temporal happinesse; both participate of the nature of time, are fleeting. In this casualty then, let us fix on what is truly durable above floating incertainties, beyond temporall lastingnesse. Whilst our minutes fly from us, our selves speed faster towards unchangeable permanency; so we do in naturall tendency, but let us by virtue's vigorous. Each hour posts away with it's length of our life. The old year is gone; if our imperfections with it, 'twas well spent; if not, there's the more need, we spend the New better. And least we live not to the end, let's take advantage of the beginning: make that our own that is so. Thirst of our dayes is th'only end to make our selves in time eternally happy. But I fear by this rude Rhapsody of the initiate year, I have wasted your hour-glass too much, rendring my  
prayer

prayer of your prosperous future, your present Damage; But pardon, because my subject (time) as well as my distracted capacity fail'd me. Suffice it, I wish you more than I can utter, or need prescribe you the way to; and whilst you are blest, I partake,

Sir,

31. Decemb.

Your happy friend and  
joyd servant W. D.

## XXXIV.

*To a Lady, residing in a Town that had  
lately bin besieged.*

Madam,

**A**FTER the disquiet of your late Alarms: I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I bin General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard; since in all things I value your content above my own; My regard to your safety had bin in such case motive enough with me, to have suspended the chastisement of that mutinous City: *Madam*, if (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear; I have my hearts wish, desiring (as you know) nothing more, than by continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of

Madam,

Your most faithfull servant,

B. T.

XXXV.

## XX XV.

*To his Lady Mrs. complaining of her cruelty.*

*Madam,*

**T**yranny as ill becomes a Subject as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural issue of that Monster; To say your Ladyship is guilty of both in some kind, is a truth undeniable: For ever since fortune made me happy in your knowledge, my affection hath no centre, but your breast, my faith, no fellow; and my constancy such as can never admit a change, yet my sighs are unpittied, my love unregarded, my faith and constancy answered with nothing, but your disproportionate denials; Nor can I, without wonder, consider, that your Ladyship should be to all the world so perfectly charitable, to me so cruel, unless 'twere ordained by fate, That the first fruits of my love (which should be the first step to happiness) must be made abortive by your incompassion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more fuel you add to those flames, which (if not suddenly allaid by your pity) will consume my very being into ashes of mortality; These are *Madam*, the real dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted

*To serve you, T. B.*

## XXXVI.

*A consolatory letter to a Mother upon the death of her first-born.*

*Honoured Madam,*

**T**He sad need a Comforter, and a Soul in desolation, requires to be assisted with reasons to bear the cause of its griefs. That you are both

*sad*

sad and grieved, I can no more doubt, than I can be without a share in your passions. That you have many comforters, because friends, many solid considerations from your own piety and pious wisdom to salve your sorrowes, I am as confident; Yet, as none more tenders your happinesse than my self, so could not I alone be silent in this motive of your teares; what I would say is; *Dearest Madam*, be comforted, and this (were't in my power) I would effect. The reason of your sable thoughts, the spring that streams from your cheeks, rise I know from the sad accident of your child's death. It was I confesse the first image of your likenesse, the first blessing that Heaven honoured your body with, the first pledge of nature, the first title you had to be a Mother. And to be deprived of this, almost as soon as 'twas given, could not but find and afford matter both for tears and grief; in a disposition so natural and good

But *Madam*, there's a time for all, and a meane also. What could not be denied to your sweetnesse, must be moderated by your discretion. 'Tis true, that sweet infant was yours, 'twas your first, 'twas dear, and you suffered many dolours, to give it life; But withall you consider, as 'twas yours, so given you by God; as the first, so more due to him; as dear, yet could it not be too dear for him that hath it; Although of painfull birth; yet that your throwes brought forth a Saint, that your dolours were endured, so soon to enthrone a part of your self among the Angels; these dolours, these throwes, happily suffered. Those whom God makes Parents, he makes but Nurses of his own children, he lends them to be brought up for Heaven: and if he hath so soon discharged you of this obligation, 'tis not so much a crosse, as a blessing; Had it lived to  
mature

mature age, perhaps he saw danger both to It and you : it might have been more cause of grief to you, more loss to it self ; it might have been unfortunate in life, in death unhappy ; 'Tis not the being children of either good or great extract that makes them alwayes either good or happy. And this perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foresaw. Be it so, or not ; certain it is, the body is but the Souls prison, wherein 'tis no sooner breathed from Heaven, but 'tis maculated by this corrupt Earth : and in this as it longer sojournes, so is it not only debarr'd of its true happinesse and welfare, but also offends its great Creator ; and consequently is miserable. Therefore would God make the cradle of yours, its death bed, that he might hasten its blisse. As he breathed a pure Soul into it, so would he again take it before defiled by the actuall blemishes of sin. Had it liv'd, it could have afforded no comfort to your piety, but being in health, prosperity, and pious, and can it be more pious, than in Heaven, more prosperous, than in heavens joyes, more healthfull than in the enjoyance of immortality ? O consider, 'tis now past all danger, 'tis freed from all misery, 'tis blessed in blessednesse, it prays for you. And can there be any sorrow so great that these considerations cannot console ? O what more happy than to be so happy a Mother, no sooner a Mother, than a Mother to heaven. Nor doubt (dear *Madam*,) but he that gave you this dear pledge of his love, will give you more, and, as he took this to his own joyes, so will he leave in its stead more to your comfort. This he took to give it as soon happinesse as being, and therein to try your virtue and resignation to his will : this as I doubt not but he will find, so may you be confident he will be bountifull : a sure rewarder of your patience, a prosperer



esperer of your Soul, body, and its fruitfulness.

But pardon (most honoured *Madam*) my loves tediousness; and if in this unpolished Consolatory I have erred, let it be as it is, loves fault, a fault that your nobleness I am certain will remit. Thus with humblest respects he takes his leave that will no longer be, than be yours, the daily Petitioner to heaven for your most wished comforts of both Worlds.

*Madam,*

*Your humble and most affectionate servant, W. D.*

## XXXV. II.

*To excuse the not answering a Letter.*

*SIR,*

**T**HAT I have committed so great a Solacism in good manners, as to receive two Letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either; I beseech you ascribe not to any want of zeal to your service: for in earnest you cannot make me more happy than in vouchsafing me the honour of your commands, which shall alwayes find as ready an obedience in me, as any thing that most concerns my own interest; In the assurance whereof I give you the humble respects of

*Sir,*

*Yours, ad amicum, T. B.*

xxxviii.

## XXXVIII.

*Upon a motion of Marriage.**Dear Sir,*

I Give you many humble thanks, for your tendering me a wife, and your good advise in that affair; I well remember the Counsel of a prudent friend was, not to marry till I were 30 years of age, and then to have a wife ten years younger than my self; because women (especially teeming ones) sooner decay than men. I have also read, that there are 3 principal motives to a wedded life: *Procreatio Proles*: *Conservatio Domus*: and *Consolatio vite*. Now the Gentlewoman you write of, instead of being ten years younger, I believe is ten years elder than my self; and so may be in danger to frustrate the two first motives; by being issue-lesse. Yet if she have so many fill'd baggs as you mention, it may be a shrewd temptation: But in marriage, Love (as you well observe) is most preferable, provided there be a competency of fewel (which is riches) to keep it warm. 'Tis like I might love the Lady you motion me to, with an ordinary conjugal love, but perhaps not with an eminent dear affection, and on this subject I remember to have read these old, but well meaning verses.

*Who makes the object of his fancy, gold,  
Grows cold in fancy, when his money's told:  
And she, who saines to love, to live a Lady,  
Is honours Fawn, I know not what she may be.*

Examples are too frequent in this age of the infelicity of those Matches, which are meerly concluded for wealth, without love: Therefore in this (as a choice, whereon the happiness of my whole life

life depends) I shall be very deliberate in resolving yet ever glad to receive your advice, as being

Sir,

*Your most respect' ve Nephew and  
humble servant. T.B.*

## XXXIX

*The first Address to his Mistress.*

*Madam,*

**T**Hat fear is an individual companion to sincere affection, and that the heartiest devotions are brokenly expressed, are *Maximes* in Humanity, and however Errors, yet venial. The discreetest love is seldom without some annexed passion, which oft-times fetters the faculties and leads understanding captive; that which did and justly might deter, doth now animate; The Moon in her farthest distance from the Sun, and greatest opposition, receives most light; The poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; Worth gains most honour by ennobling unworthy; Nature never ordain'd two Suns to shine in one Firmament. I list not to expatiate in this kind. In the description of your worth this short expression shall suffice; That would Earths Monarch pay his devotions before perfections Altar, he need seek no further then your breast. To express my devoted affection by deep protests and multiplied vows will not please, my *Motto* is, *rather in deed then in word.* Till matters be maturely discussed, and the advice of friends on both sides had, I aim no higher, then to be enstil'd your servant; Deliberation (if in any case) in this is most necessary. I honour you too much to wish

with you the smallest amiss, though the sum of my earthly felicity depended thereon. My affection is no frenzy; if my Starrs mean mee not the enjoying of such happiness, I must frame a content. For conclusion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accomplished, yet none that shall so truly love you. My lines are confused like my thoughts; your milder censure he presumes on who truly honors your worth and rests

Solely devoted to your  
vertues. T. B.

X L.

*In answer to an expostulatory Letter.*

S I R,

**T**He receipt of yours brought with it some amazement to see my self almost ship wrackt in your good opinion, when my own Vessel was full fraught with respect, which I intended to dis-embark at your haven. I am first to thank you, for your plainness and ingenuity in my charge, and shall assume the same freedom in my own acquital. The story told you by Mr. W. from Mistress P. a woman's discourse, (for those I suppose the parties mentioned in yours) I deny to have been either Author or promulgator of, and must assure you, that such like, with other volatile reports were here before my return; yet I must tell you (since it so much concerns me) that I had Commission to make some Inquisition in the Country upon a preconceived neglect in you, and other rumours; but do assure you, what I said was with such modesty, and so short of what common  
fame

same deliver'd, nay with such regret to have said any thing at all, that it will hereafter appear, I have been so far from being disaffected to this your service, that I have run my self into an Oblique opinion elsewhere, for promoting it, and I am confident the young Lady, (when you shall be felicitated with her enjoyment) will assure you as much; nor indeed could I possibly have said less, in performance of the trust reposed in me. Sir, if this give you not satisfaction, I shall be glad to know what may, because I profess to owe you much service, and the more in order to that approaching happiness, which your Stars have assigned you, whereto no wishes of a happy confarreation shall more readily concur, then those of

Sir

*Your very humble Servant,*

T. B.

XLI.

*A REPLY.*

*Lady,*

Till I was bless'd with the happy sight of yours I labour'd in a strange perplexity, believing that either the attempt of mine had purchased your disfavour, or otherwise (by some harder fate) I had suffered in your good opinion, then which *fama*ice is to me of less value. These fears I must confess withheld me till now from a second address of service, though not from offering continual thoughts of respect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your commands, nor shall I longer live, then breath the air of such devotion, being professedly,

*Lady,*

*Yours in firme affection,*

T. B.

XLI.

## XLII.

## IN ANSWER.

S I R:

I Am (as you say) indeed a'waies pleased to accept, what time permits you to write. Your lines please, and cannot chuse, being full of erudition full of love, and guided by a judgment not vulgar; And, what ever your time is, your mentall store faies not: what others, with many a scratch'd brow, cannot invent, you with facility dictate and as copiously pen; Then for my acceptance, there's no benignity required, but gratitude, and gratitude not common, but such as ought to quadre with merits, unparallel'd. That you daigne to entertain mine but with a superficial view, adds honour and value, adds courage and alacrity. We see many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the esteemers fancy: So Jewels and other rarities, which humane estimate and not nature, have made pretious, The rule is *Opinion*; and if any mans approbation could make my lines accurate (that is, what they are not) sooner to yours should I yeeld the efficiency, and with much reason; for there's none I approve more. Whilst I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and, even upon my deficiencies, raise *Trophies* to your own *Genius*; Thus what I am not my self, I make you, by accident; So increases a black spot the candour of a blanch'd vesture; So gloomy shades seem to augment the Phæbean radiances, and so are your perfections set off by the soyles of

Sir,

Your servant, D. W.

XLIII.



## XLIII.

*A conceited letter of thanks for favours.*

S I R,

**Y**OU know that I (with friendship and affection my sureties) stand already bound to you in an obligation, for requitall of a larger sum of favours, than my poor abilities can any wayes satisfie, yet now you make a large addition to the principall debt by—Till fortune better enable me, I must beg your acceptance of *thankfulness*, which I designe in lieu of *interest*, and (for your better security) my Bond renewed for the rest, with the addition of another surety, my Service, sealed with the privy signet of my love, attested by two witnesses, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and subscribed by

Sir,

Your faithfull servant, T. B.

## XLIV.

*In answer to a letter from a dear friend.*

S I R,

**O**F late my many evocations render me, as, inconstant in residency, so in my letters and addreses both various and uncertain; Hence have proceeded (and a while I fear must) the languishment of my lines, the alternation of my weekes; Yet with this added disadvantage, that the more time may seem given me to write, the less I have to be accurate. I received your last abroad, and am never yet more at home, than where they find me

mee, or I them. A virtue that (with mee) accompanies yours, and yours onely ; And being it wants a name, let it be a Sympathy : a Sympathy 'twixt you and mee, so charming, that by reading your characters, I draw in my own Idea's (but abettered) and so fall, by an introversion, into my self. By this you may guess how much you endear your friend ; by so expressing your self his, to make him (even in the midst of distractions, and fatigues) his own ; and yet only to own him, to be more yours and Gods. Know then, I am yet free from misfortune, nor enfeebled by any mortal malady, that's sensible ; Some gradgings of a *Caducue* being, and the unwholsome seasons effects if I feel, they are but the antecedents of what I am sure at last must follow. But since you stile my sickness, your infirmity ; my misfortunes your mishaps. I would be well to encrease your Vigours ; fortunate to lessen your least bad events. The Heavens influence and their interpreting Predictions now we hear begin to work in your clime, and as the operation bodens stupendious revolutions, so are we tickled with curiosity to know your changes, by what steps the main Designes ascend, and what you conceive will be the sequels chiefly of neereft connexion. In the mean, we will, hope and fear : Two passions that will blend all the fore-casts of humane life. Be careful of your health, that you may enjoy your self in a distracted Age. So shall you be safe in the guards of your own virtues ; and in the innocency of your life, with comfort console your friends, Amongst whom not the least dependent, is ever,

Dear Sir,

Your intirely affectionate,  
D. W.

## XLV.

*Upon a promise to write to one.*

SIR,

**T**He inconsiderate promise I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this absence, was grounded upon a just sense of my obligations, without the least reflection upon my disabilities for any such performance; And in this respect I might justly have been disobliged without breach of faith, but that (seriously) I had rather discover my imperfections in this kind, than be any ways wanting in my remerci-ments, which are much indebted to your many fa-vours: And therefore I send this small tribute, as an earnest of the much greater affection of

Sir,

*Your Obedient and servant, T. B.*

## XLVI.

*Dear Cousin.*

**A**Mong the various contentments, which the Country yeelds in this season, I have met with none equal to that, which the receipt of your Letter affords me; for (trust me) I am so ravish'd with the contents, that whensoever I perceive that sadness to invade me, which the want of your sweet presence often begets, I have instantly recourse to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the lines, for your dear sake that sent them, nor shall I ever cease to acknowledge your numberless favours, whilst I have breath but to pronounce me

*Dear Cousin,*

*Your most affectionate servant, T. B.*

XLVII.

## XLVII.

*In answer to an elegant Letter.*

SIR,

**W**Hen I observe the equal facility and felicity of your expression, I loath the rudeness and indigestion of mine, and when I consider the pith and plenitude of your lines, I look upon the emptiness and inanity of my own with much indignation: yet, though I were not born a *Cicero* for Eloquence, I am and must be another *Achates* for affection. If there be any thing in this World can deserve the name of good, 'tis really in the fruition of you; in and by whom I am so perfectly beatified, that I count my self in a Paradise, when I am gathering the fruits of your presence. Fortune (in other things less liberal) has given me many friends and Correspondents, yet none so real, none so learned, as your self; I never made so happy a bargain (if I may so rudely stile it) as when I contracted this intertraffick of love; I never hear from you or see you, but I make an infinite purchase of piety, and knowledge, from your weighry lines and solid discourse; But above all, I have gained (yet blush to think with how little desert) in you a friend, whose bosom is an Archive, fit to treasure up the greatest secret, and in whose hands I can repose my life, nay, (which is dearer) my Soul; O happiness; happiness said I? 'tis beyond the degree of common happiness; Such pious condescendings (where you give pure Gold & receive nothing but dross in exchange) argue a goodness in you beyond the reach of my pen to delineate, which I must content my self, to admire. Sir, you have here the real dictates of my inmost thoughts, though wrapt up in a homely dress; for I am as yet hardly

hardly entered into the Suburbs of good Language; yet do but pardon these my rude expressions, and I may hope (by your conduct) in time to enter that City, where you, by due merit, command in chief. To morrow I am bound for the frigid Zone, yet will assure you, that no change of Climate shall have power to alter or coole the affections of

Sir,

*Your devoted servant  
and therein most happy.*

T. B.

XLVIII.

R E P L Y.

S I R.

**Y**ours, as a suddain joy, have surprised mee. So accort your stile, so pathetike your love, that I am both rapt and inflamed: you could never in better time have made your friendly addresses; They came as cordials to refresh my exhausted Spirits. I was even spent in dispatches, distracted with unexpected visits of friends. From these as a reviving refrigeration. I cast my eyes and thoughts on your emphatick straines. In which I am lost; Can wonder, but not reply. In short I am so variously divided this day, and chiefly for the moments of the Messengers stay, that I have not respite of reply. Before you direct your course, toward the North Pole. I hope to get so much pause, as to be my own, that I may make some suppletory addition. Pardon these extemporaries: what in sense and language is deficient, that affection supplies, which really ever files mee

Sir,

*Yours, D.W.*

K

XLIX

## XLIX.

*A further reply.*

SIR,

**M**Y *bestern* note answered yours, with apology, that I wanted time to answer them; I promis'd also to be more responsive, and now repent it. My leisure's as interrupted, and second revivings of your accurate lines, disanimate. What is most delightful to view, is as hard to parallel. *Sir*, the store of your Eloquence runs high, and where by the Art of self-annihilation,) you would seem to depress your sufficiency, there you most rise; And indeed skill cannot but by skill be hid, nor perspicuous abilities better blazon'd, then when most curiously mantled by arted envelopings. You are no *Cicero* born, 'tis confessed, yet I think born to be an English *Cicero*; of this, nature has given ripe specimens, and industry as fast polishes, judgement matures. In one Letter I trace you flourishing in various figures; in the property and store of words choise, in composure compt; in sense acute. Trust me, I admire, yet cannot envy; For whilst an *Achates* in affection, your imbellishments are mine. The *Accessory* (you know) in Law follows the *Principal*, and love makes all common. If then by this inviolable tie we are one, your endowments entitle me joynt owner; a riches, I pre-pone to Monarchies. *Sir*, I were happy did I rightly own the least degree in the literary attributes you please to give me; those of endeared passion I do; those of reality, I cannot refuse. It is indispensably your claime; what e're I am or shall be (that's commendable) is dedicated to your loyal friend-



friendship ; honour me with belief til I faile. My breast (as long as the harbour of a heart) shal be a safe repository ; I was never by ingenerate disposition futile and porous , and with so prudent and embosom'd a friend , I shall not sure begin. Upon secrets I do not wittingly encroach , yet if (by freedom of a friend) committed, the gasty terrours of death unlock them not ; He that wants this gift has no challenge to Amities sacred interest. But I am now interturb'd, and my pen (dear friend) is snatch'd off, yet first take these votary wishes; Propitious be your guiding Stars ; inspiring the *Muses*; a safe journey; fortunate your expeditions, and a speedy circuit to your City entertainments, and suspir'd retires ; It is almost your Peculiar felicity; that, where others are chiefly scattered, you can find or make an improving secess ; An evidence as you are studious ; so you can be, in all places , the commander of your self and houres. Well ! my loves , longings and prayers shall accompany this forc'd vagary, and with as much joy welcom you home. Interstices locall may devide bodies and abodes, united minds know no separation. Hence wherever I, in my better part, am with you concomitant; and lastingly

Oxford 29 Sept.

Sir,

Yours, D. W

L.

ANSWER.

SIR,

Hitherto I have been in a superlative degree, both felicitated by the riches of your presence, and enriched by the wealth of your lines.

K 2

But

But I have learnt there's nothing Permanent in this world, otherwise three weeks absence from the one, and deprivation of the other, would be more afflictive, then words can express; for in earnest you are to me that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all my actions seem inanimate; detain but the food of your favours from me, and I am a meer nothing. Though I am now bound (as you know) for the *North*, yet believe it my daily best thoughts shall steer *West* ward, where (how far soever distant in person) I leave the hearty affections of

Sir,

Your faithfull servant,

T. B.

## LI.

*Answer to a quaint Letter:*

SIR,

**W**hen will your treasury of choise words be exhausted, when will your fountain of Eloquence be drawn dry, when will your Magazin of rich matter be emptied? never; I now plainly see the more you write, the more you have to write and may (with reverence) not ineptly compare your *Cranium* to the holy *Christ* matory of *France*; you still take out; yet leave it without the least diminution; Prodigy of nature! It fares much otherwise with me; I (if at any time big with words) fall into a painfull labour, and after many throws, am alwaies by abortion diliver'd of a thing like a bears whelp, which I can like into no form. Every Bucket drawn from mine own well, goes neerer the bottome; the reason is, there's no springs for repletion of that store: yet in earnest the influ-

influence of your teeming Muse has ( me thinks )  
 in some measure fertilis'd my ficcaneous and Barren  
 soyle. But whither rove I? Now for News ( which  
 is the *primum quæritæ* of these dayes ) I must tell  
 you thus—— Sir, the length of my letter and  
 this shorrest of dayes do not well quadre; This is  
 the winter Solstice. So is it also the Station both  
 of my invention and paper; the first is at a *non plus*  
*ultra* of matter, the last only affords me roome to  
 subscribe my selfe

13 December.

Sir,

*Your vowed servant,*

T. B.

LII.

*To a Brother.*

*Dear brother,*

**Y**OURS equally full of love and good Coun-  
 sell came to my hands with no small content-  
 ment, since I perceive you intresse your selfe  
 ( as a very kind friend ) in all things that con-  
 cern my good, which as I can never forget, so do  
 I ever account my selfe most happy, when I hear  
 of your progresse in all perfections and good quali-  
 ties, wherewith to see you accomplished is the  
 passionate desire of

*Your most affectionate  
 brother, T. B.*

K 3

LIII.

LIII.

*To Mr. G.**Sir,*

**I** His is only to give you many humble thanks for the favour you did mee to the D. If I live not to be able to strike Talcys with you, yet I shall alwayes record your kindnes with a thankfull reminiscence: And though I am *blunt* in my expreffion, yet believe it, I shall most willingly in-*Gage* in any service that may approve mee

*Sir,**Your faithfull servant, T. B.*

LIV.

*Another to him in Fustian.**Sir,*

**M**Y last was from *Dunstable*, and (though I am in person remov'd thence, yet) I fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet sufficiently *rudimented*, in your Academy for such susceptions, I must tell you (with some regret) that I find not an Academick (except the noble Britan) in all our voisinage; so that if we converse at all, it must be with *Labradores*, and such out of whose hebetudinous cerebrosity, we may as soon extract *Aurum potable*, as the *Elixar* of any knowledge; Their querulous outcry is, that the continuall siccity of this season, has inusted all their herbiferous grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of Aliment, as there is already of literature in these parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*; now to the purpose; I hope your late obstreperous Alarmes, have not interturb'd the procedure of your noble

Authors

Authors *Miscellany*, which is a principal point in my Card. Sir, beleeeve it, without some *Missive of Consolation* from you, the Countrey will soon put me into a *Chagrin*, therefore be no longer costive, as you love

10 Aug.

Your servant, T. B.

LV.  
ANSWER.

SIR,

**H**AVING by the inclosed given you some few serious lines, let me now answer your facetious letter (of 10 August) with a jaculatory line or two; and first by way of allanding your acuminous *Exordium*; but withall of shewing, you immediately mistake the word *susception*, if you think it can stand in a sober sence for *undertaking*, however in a way of *Railery* it may pass. Again, *rudimented* for *taught* is harsh; so is *hebitudinous cerebrosity*. Documented for *taught* may Pass in a serious Line; and *plumbious*, better then *hebetudinous*; for, *inusted*, you should say *exusted*; so for *herbiferous frugiferous*, because herbes and plants are the less principal children of the Earth; whereas Corn and all sorts of grain are the most principall for Mans use; for so you must mean by the word (*aliment*) that follows in the text of your letter.

And by this you see there is a kind of Elegance to be observed in a sustian phrase; nay I say more, the lepid lines of sustian are lost, when 'tis not genuine, but strained; And trust me (Sir) I hold it a piece of greater Art to line a letter with proper sustian, then with sliken language, especially when friends resolve to be merry by distantia

salutes; your *French Chagrin* and *Spanish Labrador* may pass as apposite, because Proper to the sense, and nothing strained; So the *missive of Consolation* you desire, by way of an amicable observation upon the Text of yours; And this is what I can sport away, who must rest

17 Aug.

Sir,  
Your *Justianizing*  
friend: G. O.

LVI.

REPLY.

SIR,

This brings you humble thanks both for your news and your Criticisines, And though mine of the 10 of *August* were but *panis speusficum*, a doughbak'd peice of fustian, wherein I intended nothing *adamussin*, yet you must give me leave to make some defence. For *Susception* I have *Rider* for my warrant in that sense; *Rudimented* I hold to be good and (according to the new mode of converting Nounes into Verbs) I purposely avided *plumbeous cerebrosity* (not *plumbious* as you write it) as trite and thread bare; But for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you mistake the sense for the reason hath bin of late very good for Corn and grain, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for grass, the Sun having in some places not only burnt the very roots of it, but has also made strange clefts and impressions in the Earth, therefore I us'd *inusted*, a word which though not so usual, as *exusted*, or *adusted*; yet in this sense I think no less proper, if not in a genuine, at least in a metaphoricall way, and Cattle, that are fed by grass and hay, are a considerable part of our *aliment*, &c,

Sed



*Sed me repimo*, not at all presuming to enter the *Cirque* with you in *Logomachy* or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgement, whence I must confesse to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledge both by these and other your documental redargutions, which I alwayes receive with a reverential respect, answerable to your merit and the obligation of

Sir,

24 Aug.

Your very humble servant,

T. B.

VII.

*Rejoynder.*

SIR,

**I** Do hugely allaud your endeavour to *abonar* what I had vitiated in my last; For 'tis a signe you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*, and thereby shew you are as far from being conscious of error, as you are from being inscious how far you may use the latitude of sustiniatizing, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ. Maeste animo mi Thoma. & perge eo quo cepisti pede, &c.* Trust me Sir, I shall (without a blush) easily yeeld you the advantage of me in *logomachy*, as oftentimes deep Divines do to Logicians in point of reducing *Syllogismes* to all their possible variations into several *Moodes* and *figures*; because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends only upon the habitual use of such figures, without retaining the rule that leads to the rectitude thereof; So men speak true

K 5

Latine

Latine, without being able to give rule for it, and by this means sometimes are peccant against the Rule, which every school-boy can correct them in. And truly in this particular of Logomachy you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepest of men, because you laudably make it your profess'd study, and consequently will make a world of men obliged to you, as well as

2 Sept.

Sir,

Your Servant, G. G.

LVIII.

*An Answer from one sick.*

SIR,

**S**uch my present condition, that I receive your letters as sick men do visits, am gratefull, yet cannot returne the courtesie, but by feeble thanks; In this nature I have now been 3. weeks a decumbent; This the cause I have already faild in my wonted intercourse, and the same continue disabillity must render these, of my own complexion, infirm and faint, yet I beg you will not interrupt your turnes; For though I am not responsible, yet your lines are much solace, and no small divertisement from the sence of my weakness: What was before but a friendly correspondence, will (till it please God I mend) be an office of endearing charity, extended towards him, who is

Sir,

*Entirely yours*

D. W.

## LIX.

*To his Mrs. after a long Journey.*

*My dearest friend,*

I Have bin a long sad journey, which seemed so much the longer and so much the sadder, by how much I was farther distanced from your sweet abode, nor had the sadness of this forced vagary any solace at all, saving that of near 300. miles, I passed no one, without making a Relique of your memory, which had still the vertue to renew all joys in me, and expel the mists of melancholy, almost with equall force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence; If you have but bestowed one thought on me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, beleiving that no love can come within so many degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being

*Your devoted servant,*

T. B.

## LX.

*Another to the same.*

*My onely dear,*

THat you may see I forget you not at any time nor in any place, I present you these, and if I seem importune by my frequent addresses, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainment of thoughts on you affords me, and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them, to my memory I should be no day, even no hour without a pen in my

my hand ; And I may well hope from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection, without a just retribution, nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you ; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally.

*Yours as at first unalterable,*  
T. B.

## LXI.

*In answer to a friend, ill of a Cold.*

SIR,

**T**He next degree to the happiness of not having evils, is to have had them : which imports, though not our immunity, yet riddance : and to have overcome annoyance may be better, then not to have suffered it. This since you say, you have been almost dead of a cold, congratulates your almost Resurrection : and hopes to find your short-windiness turn'd into free respiration. 'Tis a vulgar Probleme, whether this malady may be called a disease, or Physick. You I believe, found it troublesome ; but will not repent, if it prove medicinal, I imagine (allur'd by *Aprils* forward Sun) you slipt too early into your Summer Apparel ; which, though it prov'd too thin to defend you, yet not unable, to make you take a wariier choise of your Wardrobe next Spring. *Gondamor* was of opinion, as there were in *England* many seasons of the year in one day ; so a man had need of several suits : My fancy is, if you will not alwayes be shifting, 'tis best not to shift till you see nature in her best green Gown : whose fashion you

you may harmlesly follow. *Sir*, you see by my spinning out this one Clause of your letter, I want matter; Yet you may see too, there's nothing drops so raw from you, but affords subject. Nor must you blame me, if your indisposition busie my Pen, since your *ὑπερπαια* is the Copy of it, and my own best constitution. Hence you have a double care lies upon your preservation; your love to your self, and indulgence to

*Sir,*

*Your servant, D. W.*

LXIII.

*In answer to a Letter of Commends, &c.*

*SIR,*

I Never looked awry (pardon the phrase) upon any of yours till now, and now (were not our mutual loves united with many a dear link) jealousy (that Canker of affection) would corrode my heart. I should, (and can yet hardly forbear to) judge, that you had some more deserving object in your mind, when you fancied me with such high commends, as hold no proportion with my merit. I know you never wrote, but your heart and Pen were coitinerants, yet (pardon me, if) I assure you that in this (and perhaps in this alone) love has purblinded your (otherwise much discerning) judgement; should I believe all you write of me, I might quickly be wasted into a Fools Paradise, and so become a *Ludibry*; I'll rather characterise my self, then own the least of your attributes; take it thus bluntly, yet with truth and candor: for I have studied that Sentence, which was engraven upon the gate of *Apollo's* Temple

Temple at Delphos (viz.) γένεσι σταυρόν I was born under the dull Planet Saturn, so that Mercury had no influence on my production, hence I am so far from being a Lynceus of nature, a Pelops of wisdom, or Cicero of eloquence, that I never pretended to any of those virtues, which beget admiration, nor to have my mind embroidred with any studied ornaments of learning, I only claim some small title to those qualities, which stir affection, as truth of Word, sincerity of heart, &c. Having thus ingenuously premised, I now send you an inhibition from the Court of love, not to treat any more of that subject, but to redargue my Errors, and shew me the flats both of my pen and judgement, that what I write hereafter, may merit this only *Elogium*; As here's no *Eloquence*, so likewise no *incongruity of affection*; I am no higher, for in earnest, if it were possible, any thing of yours could nauseate me, the way were to send me a *Laudatory Epistle*, instead of a *redargutory letter*: But I have another task, therefore it is high time to put *Omega* to this, by subscribing my self,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. B.

### LXIII. THE REPLY.

SIR,

**M**Y fancied excels in your praise, now recoils upon my self; you are, I see, your Arts-master: and what you could not divert by a just disclaim, you can stop by an exaggerated *Restorſion*. You may expect, I should now imitate your shame-fac'd modesty; right this paper.



per, with renouncing the abilities you heap upon me. But, I will not; should I, We should still dwell in one Theme, and by the Nauseous tautology, both impair, what ere we both merit. I dare not vindicate to my self, a perfect *self-knowledge*; nay, I avoid the reflex glances, that should tell me what I am; lest what I am, might cast me into a dejection; and so, hinder amendment. pusillanimity, never yet attained any eminence. Do you cease your own undervaluings, and I shall my more adjusted expressions. I can let your *worths* be their own blazons, would you so let them; but, if you will wrong your self, justice calls me, to your vindication. Nor, must the *Legists Maxime*, here swa; *valenti non sit injuria*. Neither of us (pardon the parallel) are so accomplish'd, but we ought to thrive in imbellishments. Whether our souls came *Aristoteles Tabula rasa*, or written with *Plato's Idea's* into our earth; in our earth, they have either forgot much, or learnt little. The fault, doubtless, ours. For, by what we know, we know we might, and may, know more. Nature hath made us capable, that we become not better Proficients, our own truant inertia, the obstacle. I am not so much a *Scotist*, as to confess a substantial difference in souls; nor yet, such an *Abcedary Philosopher*, as to deny the Organs must be fitted, where the Operation is to be excellent. You and I should be ingrate, did we not assert, God has been liberal enough. To asperse his bounty with our wants, were a petty blasphemy in Philosophy it self. Let us both confess our respective ignorance, and our ignorance to be only *ours*. This done, we are not to center in old dulness, but from the remorse of lost time, vigorously imploy the future. It imports the vulgar rout, more to be good than sagacious

sagacious: We, are molded for higher action, yet must joyn vertue to knowledge. Reason's brutish, where the will's incult. The Pattern we were effigiated to, was infinitely knowing, infinitely good; in both we are bound to imitate: bound to be the *Representatives* of both, or, we forfeit our Original, and our similitude, too. Man's a little world; his minde the heaven; the two great lights those splendid faculties, his Intellect, and Will: the lesser Stars, are the other powers: the intellect the Sun of all: all borrow his brightness, all must cooperate with his rays, by adding their proper vertues. Thus shall our Microcosme be resplendent and fruitful and gloriously rich; thus, we wise, and good, and thus nor good nor wise, I am

Sir

*Tours*, D. W.

LXIV.

*The Rejoynder.*

SIR,

I Quarrel'd your last, in hope you would have retracted your transcendent elogicall commend, which whilst you seem to intend in this, you have by a Rhetorical Artifice, added more fuel to that fire; So that I perceive whether I write or be silent, complain or acquiesce, I am every way dilemma'd; I must confesse to have not wit nor language enough, to fadome the depth of your abilities, by consequence am rendred impossibilitied to pay you in your own coine, which is of such allay, that I may well say, you have truly found out the *Philosopher*,

*losophers stone*, since you are able to convert any grosse matter into the gold of fine language; your prosaick lines are (for excellency) like those metrical ones of *Homer*, which as they excel in other points, so they seem to have an easie native slide in them, and to be conducted by a happy *Genius*. If I had abilities to expatiate upon this subject, I could not be held a *Patelin*, but rather a suffragan to truth; what I want words to express, silent admiration shall speak in the thoughts of

Sir,

Your obliged servant,

T. B.

## LXV.

*An Answer,*

SIR;

**T**Is well you are, as you are, the Rendezvous where all perfections meet, otherwise I should in this intercourse have one (and one onely) advantage of you; For whilst you at every return of the Tabellary, have your Theme to seek, and yet no sooner sought but found (such is the magazin of your invention) I have a plentiful subject alwayes ready at hand. If I had answerable abilities to make my election, and word it accordingly, and that is *news*, news which whilst there are men, will never cease to be in vogue; And since this week affords that which is somewhat palatical, I shall no longer tantalize you with a proletarianus *Exordium*. Then know, &c.

—I shall on all occasions endeavour to serve you, having been cordially, ever since I told you so,

Sir,

Your faithful servant, T. B.

LXVI.

LXVI.  
REPLY.

SIR,

**I** Am assaulted by your Martial metaphors, yet with this favour, that where others erect their engines, to ruine, your level aims to strengthen the weak Fort you direct against; your continued Elogies at last mean to persuade me (I see) into some Ability, and could you infuse what you commend (instead of blush) your Rhetorique would make me doubtless eloquent. I will not say with that keen Satyrist, *recuso Euge tuum & Belle*. No I will with a modest guilt of non-desert embrace them, to profit, and that *nec te quasi veris extra* (of the same Poet) was a good Monition, but our Muse is not so stoicall.

*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,*

*Pramia stollas?*— Sir, honour is the reward of Arts and fame the tongue of honour, nor are either honour or fame more the guerdons, then the intentives of Proficiency. Do you see (my friend) how I hug your attributions? My vanity yet (in it) may be your lesson; not to be vain but ingenuous. Be not so squeamish, henceforward: Accept your Baies offered, or merit it confer'd. What praise findes not answerable, let it intice to answer; I know my insufficiencies, but utterly despair not amendment; If by your encouragement I amend not, I shall confess my Brutish nature, to be past cure. If I grant you an advantage over me, 'tis but what you have asserted: I answer the same Post, and to many besides yours; But what is this? my both matter, and the couching shews it, to be suddainly slight and  
rude,

rude, an odd perfection, and but suitable to both my leisure and me; you have a ready subject for your pen, and how gratefully and ably you paint it forth, give me leave to be the Judge, that receive the delight: and I must keep it to my self, for you are as coy to receive the titles of your worth, as I am conscious they are due. Be then still higher then words can expresse you; so I may still be

Sir,

*Excessively yours, D. W.*

# LXVII.

## *The first Address to his Mistress.*

*Most honoured Lady,*

IN a cause whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have most will, I finde least power to unbosom the secrets of my heart, such force has love to captivate my faculties. Hence 'tis I rather chose this, then that other way of verbal delivery; For though in either I should discover my own imperfections, yet in these lines my guiltless blushes will pass unseen. Hitherto I have onely appear'd a servant to your affairs, and in that quality had continued, if the excellency of your personall endowments had not (by some kinde of heavenly impulse) driven me on to more aspiring thoughts; Thoughts, which (with truth I speak it) were ingendred by the only object of your goodnesse, without any adulterate commixture of estate, which however valued by others) as is not of weight sufficient to turn the ballance of my scale, if not otherwise well laden  
with

with pure and unbiass'd affection; which I profess to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of

*Your most faithful and devoted servant, T.B.*

LXVIII.

*Another to the same.*

*My inestimable Jewel,*

**I**F the fumes of those corrosives you gave me last night from other hands, had not been qualified with the sweet odors of your own cordials, I had (unfeignedly speaking) wholly sacrific'd the ensuing night to the vigils of a disquiet mind; But as your goodnesse had not the will only, but the power to raise me from a hell of tormenting thoughts, to a Paradise of expected comfort, so does it multiply my endeared affections, which no misfortune shall have power to alienate, nor shall any thing but death determine. I am with much sollicitude letting all my imaginations upon the tenter, in order to the removal of those Rocks, which seem, and but seem, to threaten Shiprack to our approaching happiness, whereto your utmost contribution is, by all the ties of true love, most earnestly implor'd, with the continuance of him in your best thoughts, who is

*Your own beyond expresses,  
T. B.*

LXIX.



LXXI.  
ANOTHER.

*Dear pledge of my soul,*

**A**Mong all the obloquies, which the unrelenting malice of mine, and by consequence your, enemies hath cast upon me, none appears so ghastly in my thoughts, as that pretended want of love towards you, which (the heavens will witness) was never imbreasted in any mortal with more purity and plenitude; For 'tis the foundation, whereon I intend (by divine assistance) to build a frame of mutual and interminable happiness; a happiness that will be admired by some, but envied by others. Please to remember that you are now *filia emancipata* (as Divines terme you) at your own dispose, and that you have of me a servant, who only breaths by your favour and lives through your love, who will ever owe you fealty for the one, and still do you homage for the other, a servant, who with unwearied expectation only waits for the happy hour, wherein that (*fiat*) shall be by you pronounc'd, which will in an instant (*Eliexar*-like) turn all my drossy cares and anxieties into true contentments, and make me live eternally

*Yours without change,*

T. B.

LXX:

## ANOTHER.

*My happy Choice,*

**I**F a more pressing occasion had not detain'd me; I should have thought the fulness of the weather but an easie penance, in respect of the solace, which the sweets of your presence would have afforded me, for the enjoyment whereof I must (with much regret) adjourn my expectation till to morrow; Mean time I send you the promised Pictures, if the sight of which do at any time erect your thoughts to heaven-ward; even then remember him, who on earth desires no greater happiness, then to live and die loving (and beloved by) you, in quality of

*Your second selfe,*

T. B.

LXXI.

*To excuse the not taking leave of a Lady  
of quality.*

*Madam.*

**T**Hough it be held a readier way to gain pardon, by acknowledging then excusing a fault, yet the Eminency of your Ladiships person doth so aggravate it in me, that I must beg leave to lessen, though, I cannot hope to have it wholly remitted, in saying the justness of your Ladiships cause of stay, made me Presume none had so little compassion as to deny it; and that I might expect the being freed from my Ague, without danger of losing the opportunity of Presenting my humble thanks.

thanks for so many signal favours, undeservedly conferred on me, but since that happiness with many others is lost by your Ladyships absence, honour this paper so far I beseech you, as to suffer it to supply my defects herein, and testify how ambitious I shall be, by my future observance, to merit the title of

*Madam.*

*Your most humble servant,*

**A. B.**

LXXII.

*Upon the death of a fair Lady.*

SIR,

**A**Mong other impartments, your last tells me, you were to usher a fair Lady to her grave; A Corporal work of Mercy, it is to bury the Dead, I grant; but to inter so great a Beauty seems to trench on Pity and blast the Spring. Had she lived till Autumn or even Midsummer, the funeralls of many flowers had lamented her Urn: yea if but till they had been blown, they would have lost their lives to adorn her Hearse; and have been ambitious (like those Savages) to have been buried quick with their Lady Paragon, for her attendance in the other world. But she has inverted Nature, and the Season too, the flower of beauty died, when the beauty of flowers should spring; and so has not onely left a withered World, but dismayed the Blowth of what should garnish it. Flowers are disheartened to open their fragrant Colours, sincetheir Pattern is so early Cropt: and seem to intend (being she's entomb'd under the Earths surface) to keep themselves under Earth to accompany her dust; yet I will free you of cruelty

*in*

in this fate; you had no hand (I am sure) in her death, though you helpt her to her Grave. And who should be a fitter Mourner at the exequies of a fair Lady, then so compleat a servant of Ladies? Sir, I see what grace you are entertained with by them: they not only love you living, but are loath to part with you, dead: will carry you as far as they can towards the other life, when they goe. That, if they may not have your company quite through (which were a wrong to Survivors) they may your funerall tears, sighes, or prayers for their *Ultime: Vale:* you preface a happy *imprimis*, to this sad discourse, and say *having* (first) *done all that might tend to her future hapiness*, Happy News: and it owne you, I believe, an instrument of good effects and offices. Had all fair Ladies such faithfull servants, More Idols of beauty would receive impression of the divine Image, and become the servants of God. And she had much reason to desire your care of her bodies enternment, that had first aided her Soul, with a saving *Viaticum* for heaven. Long may you live the Author or helper of such good deeds. In the interim, as here was a double work of mercy (Corporal and Spiritual) exploited, so you, I am confident, have made your useful application of the Accident; beheld in the blasting of this flower, the fate of Fairness, the frailties of the fairest Clay, that feature, and white and red could embellish, if she were not Superlative in Beauty, in beauty she had many inferiours; if in fortunes, not the favourite of fortune, yet, she had her smiles. Many beauties have saln sooner, many may sooner fade; yet in her all beauties, all fortunes, have exprest, what fortunes and beauties are what is the *Exit* of the Fable of this temporary life; to wit, ugly death eternal depri-

deprivation, the cold Tomb, and deformed dust. Fortunate life! that so contemplates mortal condition, as to be indifferent and ready to change; that fraille incertainties and vain glitter may be motives to assure and fix on lasting good, that by others death learns to live, and lives the life that fears not death: that so accompanies others funerals, as in that sable equipage, to behold the mournful Pomp of the Worlds fare-wel, and their own destiny: that reads in that earthy bed of death (the Grave of others) their own Motto, *We are dust, and all mortal things Momentary.* Sir, pardon this long slip of my pen, you see how a fair Ladies death and your living pietie, entrances me, to the forgetfulness of other subjects. Thanks for your News, on which the only present comment shall be, that I am for ever

Sir, *Your thankful Servant,*

D. W.

LXXIII.

*The Reply, relating the particulars of that Ladies death.*

SIR,

Since you have been pleas'd to sing so sweet a dirge, and to make so excellent a comment upon our late funerous text, I cannot think the particulars of that sad subject (how confusedly soever I deliver them) will be unacceptable to you. This Lady was three months continually dying, without any hope of recovery, and this occasioned by an ulcer in her throat, it was my good fortune (though others had essay'd it) to gain her first assent to bring a spiritual Physician to her. Dr. G. was next at hand and I did as his part exceeding well; after 2 or 3

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effective visits, the Patient (through the comfort and ease of the spirituall Cataplasmes and emplasters, which the Doctor applied) was so rapt and piously enamor'd of him, as she even imbrac'd him at every appearance: When she drew near the confines of death's kingdom, she did usually ejaculate not only most pious, but even eloquent or rather diviloquent expressions, as this (among many others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have (said she) lived long in the vanity of this world, for which God hath placed me in this bed of sorrow; Were it his holy pleasure, I should aſſo-  
ver one of them again, and the choice left to me, I would (by the grace of Jesus) rather choose the torments of this bed, and malady, then have any thing to do with the worlds vanities, &c.* Besides, nothing did so much trouble her, as that she had lived (as she did) for fear of worldly endamagement) some years in an outward profession that contradicted her inward perswasion. The Doctor was no less taken with his Patient, than she with him, for I heard him say, he was never more satisfied with the manner of any persons death; And I confess her exit did more tristinate me, than that of my own Sister, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying me; For to see her picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the original, was subject enough for mortification, the one being so incomparably beautifull, the other so ghastly; In a word, the last breath she drew was *J E-* and in pronouncing *S U S* she expir'd. So that we may conclude, as she was a great beauty living, she was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not so, but by a secret transſion pass'd into the Soul. Thus have you heard the brief (but sad) story of this good Ladies end, and that from

Sir,

Your humble servant, T. B.

LXXIV.



## LXXIV.

## LETTER.

SIR, The punishment that Apollo inflicts of reading Guicciardis is a lighcone, compar'd to this you impose on your self; and yet you will only here play the Stoick, & not acknowledging you are in pain. Nothing can justifie me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romanes* to those eyes that should only look upon *Linda*. I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clog the stomach more than the disease. I must confess we may view Cities taken, Kingdoms ruin'd, and new Worlds discovered in lesse room. It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflows but swells not; it wearies without a seems, as *Prometheus* do upon a flar; In a word, I shall think if you do not find fault with it and reprove me; it is because you are angry and will do nothing in passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secrecy, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir, I am your most affectionate servant,

J. C.

## LXXV.

## Upon the New-year.

SIR, All things sublunary owe their being to the revolution of the upper Spheres, so their change; And 'tis just, they should submit to their

essential Guides. Among other novelties, the first mover has brought about the point of *circular motion*, that has begun us a new year; and promises many unwonted effects. Whilst these appear, let us be the same we were, constant old friends to God, heaven and our selves. Change, though to the better, argues imperfection; yet not to change to the better, were the worst of imperfections. As restless Rivers haste to their Ocean, so ought we to ours, which is God, the Ocean of bliss, repose, and Center of Eternity; Till here arrived, we are in flux and variety: Let us be so, but hold the right way. As *Grace* is elder then *Nature*, so she first begins her year; *Astronomers* commence theirs with the springs rigour; when the *Sun's* in *Aries*, the Church is content with *Capricorn*; When her *Son's* in the Cradle, that Orient of Justice and Mercy, the Son of God, The signet melancholy, yet the source of more propitiations: So let our sorrows shorten with the nights, our joyes with the dayes, lengthen. This solstice (if we follow the conduct of the right Star) will fairly move to a brighter height, a nearer approach; dispel our mists, warm our hearts, ravish our eyes.

This rambling Prologue, is but to brag in the prayer that wishes you a happy New-year, and that regard of times winged Carriers, which in running moments may take hold of the stedfast point of eternity. This is the Center of circumference; in which who truly fix, may be moved, but not from it. Then, as time whirls away the measure of our mortal being, it will hasten that, which shall know no alteration, but to be invariable. Sir, my complexion suits the dead season at present, and yields me but a languishing health. Hence my Pen is dull. You know when the bodie's out of order, the spirits cannot but flag. I must suffer the one, you will

pardon

patdon the other. And so to affairs that require no politure, but what your patience shall give them, &c.

2 January.

W. D.

LXXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

Yours I have received, read, and read again, and the more I read it, the more I have a mind to read it, such are the incentives of your heaven-inspired lines, which as they clearly demonstrate the truth of that *Maxime* of a modern Author, that *Eternity is the Port and Sabbath of all humane Contemplations*: So, since my more earthly Soul and lesse heavenly cogitations are not able in due manner to comprehend them; I wrap my self in this your learned sheet, and say to it (with equal wonder) As *Aristotle* once did to *Euripus*, *Quis ego non capio te, tu capias me*

T. B.

LXXVII.

To a friend upon his marriage.

SIR,

I have of late with-held from you the Characters of my hand, though not the wel-wisher of my heart, conceiving you as close in the pursuit of your faire *Daphne*, as *Phaëbus* was of his, when the breath of his mouth disorder'd her disheiveld hair: For I perceive you have now ran so, as happily to take

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the Virgin prize; may you be ever mutually happy. There now only remains the *metamorphosis* (not into the Beast with two backs, which the knavish *Shakespeare* speaks of) but of that more ingenious, two into one, *unus, una* into *unum*, which you have hinted so modestly in yours. Your *Daphne* I hope (before the arrivall of this paper) will be converted not only into *Bayes*, but *Rosemary*, which is one fragrancie, due to her perfections (if you have (as I doubt not) given her a true character) more than the Poet gave *Apollo's* Mistress. Let this therefore suffice to give you both the *parablen* of *Hymen's* honours and felicities and to let you know I shall both expect and be ambitious to wear a sprig in Honour of her; nor will I fail heartily to commend you both to the great *President* of the wedding of *Cana* in *Sabbilee*, that he may turn the bitter *Waters* of your long expectation into the *Wine* of a happy and contented life, made up with the blessing of a good and pious posterity; in which devotion I affectionately rest

Sir,

Your humble servant, H. T.

# LXXVIII.

## *In excuse of silence.*

Madam,

I So much value your noble favors, that I rank them among my greatest Interests; what I may be guilty of by my silence, I know not, but am sure the poor man that asks not the price of a rich Jewell, commits no error. The high estimate I set on your goodness shall be my retreat, in which I shall be safe, if you be what I deem you, good. More I cannot deliver, but that I had rather in an humble silence wait upon  
some

some occasion of service, than word out my dull expressions, among which there's none more real, than that I am

(Madam,)

*Your most respective humble servant, T. B.*

## LXXIX.

*Of comfort to a sick friend.*

SIR,

**W**Hen I first received the unwelcome news of your infirmity, I was much contristated; but afterwards considering, that as well Sickness, as all other afflictions come from God, and assuring my self he has sent you this for your great good, I took comfort, and wish you may do the like; since 'tis a sign of his great love towards you; for He sayes, *Quos ego amo, arguo & castigo*. God deals with men, as Physicians do with Patients, who easily grant to the sick person, of whose health they despair, all he desires, but whom they hope to recover, they charge to observe a Diet, and abstain from those things that are obnoxious to health. So think God deals now with you, hereby to purge you from sin, and restore your Soul to perfect health. Hence 'twas the Angel Raphael said to Tobias, *Quia acceptus eras Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te*. And as God will have all his true Servants to be tryed in the Furnace of Tribulation, like pure Gold in that of fire; so is he never more near to them, than in their Affliction, Himself having said, *Cum ipso sum in tribulatione*; From which you may raise a great comfort to your self, suffering (as I hope you do) with patience and resignation; for tribulation is so notable a sign of Gods mercy and presence, That Saint Bernard desired of God he might never be

without it, saying, *Da mihi, Domine Tribulationem, ut semper mecum sis.* And St. *Austine* likewise, *Hic ure me, hic fecit me, ut parcas in aeternum.* Therefore be of good courage, and believe, That God by this Visitation, knocks at the dore of your Soul, and wils you to prepare your self for him.

Be truly constant in your holy Faith, what tentation soever you meet with to the contrary; Repose your only hope and trust in Christs Death and Passion; let your Charity be such as to forgive all persons that have injur'd you, even from the bottom of your heart, as you desire the forgiveness of Almighty God, to whose holy will and pleasure resign your self wholly, offering him freely life, pains and death, and whatever appertains to you, to dispose according to his blessed will. I perswade my self you have ere this orderly disposed your worldly affairs; Then make it now your only care to provide for the good of your soul (as a business of greatest import) humbly beseeching the mercy of God, and frequenting the holy Sacram. And then, by his Grace, whensoever it shall please him to call you hence, you may joyfully say with holy *Simeon*, *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.* The best service I can now do you, is to offer my poor prayers to our blessed Saviour for you, which shall be daily performed by

(Sir)

Your most affectionate servant, B. G.

### LXXX.

*To rectifie a Mis-understanding.*

I Am doubtfull in what rank I stand in your good Opinion, which makes me addresse these,



to assure you, That as the advise I gave you, proceeded meeily from the affection of a Brother, and was not without a reasonable ground; so I may not doubt but it was candidly received, and that the who'e matter and circumstances are buryed in perpetuall oblivion.

Be'ieve it, though my nature be averse to Complements, yet my best Love is much affixed on your dear Self; which I shall be as ready to testifie upon any call occasion; as I am now to write my self,

(Dear Brother)

Your aff. Elionate servant,

T. B.

LXX XI.

Dear Widdow,

**T**Hough I staid neer an hour at the Goat, with desire of seeing you embark in your || Coach, || Land-ship. yet I dare say you will not believe I was, in some respect, glad you came not in that time, for I was not willing to discover my good nature to so much company as attended you, and I'm sure the parting with you would have had the same effects, which the sight of a direfull Tragedy is wont to work upon me. You know I cannot complement, and I know you do not expect it, yet must assure you, that under this grum outside, there lies a kind and affectionate heart for you within. I can tell you no news, but that *The Adventures of five hours*, or, *The shifting of the vail*, has bin acted nine days together with general applause, yet some malicious Poetaster has made a Libel on't, with this slovenly mock-title, *The Adventures of five Whores*, or, *the shifting in the valley*— Oblige me by presenting my service to your Cosen K  
and

and all your Relations, who are dear to me, because you are so, in whose memory I desire to live

Madam,

22 Jan. 166 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Your most faithfull servant,

T. B.

LXXXII.

*To a sick Father.*

Dear Sir;

**W**B came well to London, and I dare say we all parted from you with wet eyes, which nature exacted of us, as children to so good a Father. But when we raised our thoughts and considered first your great age, and that 'tis appointed for every man once to dye. Secondly your long declining sickness, and your patience and resignation in it, which must needs excellently dispose you for heaven, we were much comforted, and daily pray, that whatever Almighty God shall determine, you may readily submit to his holy will, and whether you live or dye, be alwaies his. To which end, I earnestly recommend the excellent Lxany for the sick which I left with you, to be said every night or oftner at your bed side, which will put you in mind of what is chiefly requisite for your souls health; and at other times I beseech you often to present these and such like short ejaculatory prayers to our dear Saviour and Redeemer.

*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.*

*Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*

*Deus in adiutorium meum intende.*

*In manus tuas Domine commende Spiritum meum.*

*O Jesu, fili David miserere mei.*

*A mala morte, a potestate Diaboli, a pœnis inferni, libera me Domine.*

Assure your self, that neither my dear Mother, nor any of your children will longer live than they will offer up their continuall prayers to the Throne of Grace for you, and though we must part here, yet I hope we shall all meet in a joyfull eternity. So prays

St. Michaels  
day, 1663.

Your most dutifull  
and obedient Son.

T. B.

**Super-**



*Superscriptions*  
**FOR**  
**LETTERS,**  
**TO BE**

**Addressed to all sorts of Persons,  
 according to the usage of  
 the present times,**

**If to a Duke;**

**T**O the most *Noble* (and sometimes)  
*Excellent* or *Illustrious* Prince.

And in discourse we stile him *Grace*.

**If to a Marquess,**

To the *right Noble*, or *Right honorable*.

And in discourse his attribute is,

*Lordship* or *Honour*.

**If to an Earl, Viscount or Baron,**

To the *right honourable*.

And to begin a Letter, we, either say,

*May it please your Honor or Lordship!*

*Right Honorable!*

*My Lord!*

Which last is used only by *Lords* to *Lords*,  
 or by *Gentlemen* of some quality, otherwise  
 it is held too familiar.

**If**

If to a Baronet, or Knight of the Bath, we say

To the honourable or much honoured;

And his attribute (in the beginning of a Letter) may be *Much honoured Sir*.

The like may be given to a Colonel.

The usual attribute of a Knight was of old

*Right worshipful*.

And of an Esquire

*Worshipful*.

But these are much disused, unless it be by persons of inferior rank.

We say (writing to a Knight)

To my noble, or to my much honoured friend,  
*Sir A. B. Knight, these presents.*

To an Esquire we say

To my much honoured, or most worthy friend, *T. G. Esquire.*

Observe that (when you write to an Esq;) you be sure not to say *Master T. G. Esq;* for the (Master) is ridiculous; th; *Esq;* including it.

So if you write to a Doctor of Divinity, a Doctor of the Civil Law, or Doctor of Physick, you must not say *Mr. Doctor T. G.* nor *Doctor T. G. Esq;* for Doctor both comprehends Master and Esquire, and of these the Divine hath first place, the Civilian next, and the Physician last.

To an ordinary Gentleman thus,

To my approved friend

To my most esteemed friend

To my much valued friend

To my very much respected friend

To my worthy good friend, or the like.

Note that all the younger Sons of Dukes and Marquesses are Lords for their lives only, and are called

called Lord *John*, or Lord *William*, &c. by their Christian names.

The eldest Son of an Earle is a Lord by birth, so is not a Viscounts Son, till his Father be dead.

The youngest Sons of Viscounts and Barons are but Esquires, yet are honourable, and take place of all Baronets and Knights.

The eldest Son of a Baron is but an Esq; during his Fathers life.

Esquire (comes from the French *Escuier*, in Latin *Armiger* or *Scutifer*, i. a bearer of Armes or a Shield) is that degree of Gentry, which is next to a Knight; It is conceived that originally *Esquires* were bearers of Armes to Lords and Knights, and thence had their title. Now, to be true *Esquires*, according to the Law of Armes, they must either be Lords younger Sons, Baronets or Knights eldest Sons, Members of the Commons House of Parliament, the Kings Servants, Sheriffs, Justices of Peace, Serjeants or Barristers at Law, (yet the late *Earl Marshal* would not allow utter *Barristers* to be *Esquires*, out of *Westminster-Hall*, but in the late Acts for *Polemoniey* they were ranked by the Parliament as *Esquires*, and paid as such;) And in *Walsinghams History* of *Rich. 2.* we read of one *John Blake*, who is said to be *Juris apprentices*, and has the title *Scutifer* there given him. Yet of late times (I know not by what warrant) all Gentlemen that have but a considerable estate in Lands, take this addition upon them, when as the estate, though never so great, adds no title. And that the title of *Esquire* should descend from Father to Son, as the estate of Gentry doth, is meer fabulous, says Mr. *Harris*, in his *Glory of Generosity*, page 100. yet with this exception, that the heir of a Knight in the right line shall be an *Esquire* to the worlds end.

Ladies



Ladies have (for the most part) the same attributes as their husbands.

Both in Letter and discourse, we give a *Dutchess* the title *Grace*.

But to a *Marchioness*, *Countess*, *Viscountess* or *Baroness*, *Right Honourable*, and in discourse your *Honor*, and among their equals, or in more familiar discourse *Madam*.

If you write to any of these; the title *Madam*, is very modish, both at the beginning and end of your Letter. But if the person writing be of much lower Rank, than the Lady written unto, it will be decent to say,

*May it please your Honour, or,  
Right Honourable!*

All the Daughters of *Dukes*, *Marquesses* and *Earls*, are Ladies by birth, and are called *Lady Anne*, *Lady Mary*, &c.

But the Daughters of a *Viscount* or *Baron* are but *Mistress*, yet are honourable; And their Addition (being named in instruments of Law or Conveyances) is no more than a *Yeomans Daughter* hath, and that is *Spinster*, wherein there seems to be some title wanting.

For better understanding the point of precedence, I have abstracted two Decrees made by King *James* touching the same, in the 10<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> years of his Reign, which you may read more at large in *Mr. Seldens Titles of Honour*, page 906.

*That the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons shall take place and precedence before all Baronets.*

*That such Bannerets (as shall be made by the Kings Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, or by Henry now Prince of Wales, under his or their Standard displayed*

in an Army Royal in open war, and the King or Prince personally present) for their lives onely, and no longer, shall for ever in all places take place and precedence, as well before all other Bannerets whatsoever, as likewise before the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

The younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and all Baronets, shall take place before all Bannerets whatsoever other then such as shall be made by the King as aforesaid.

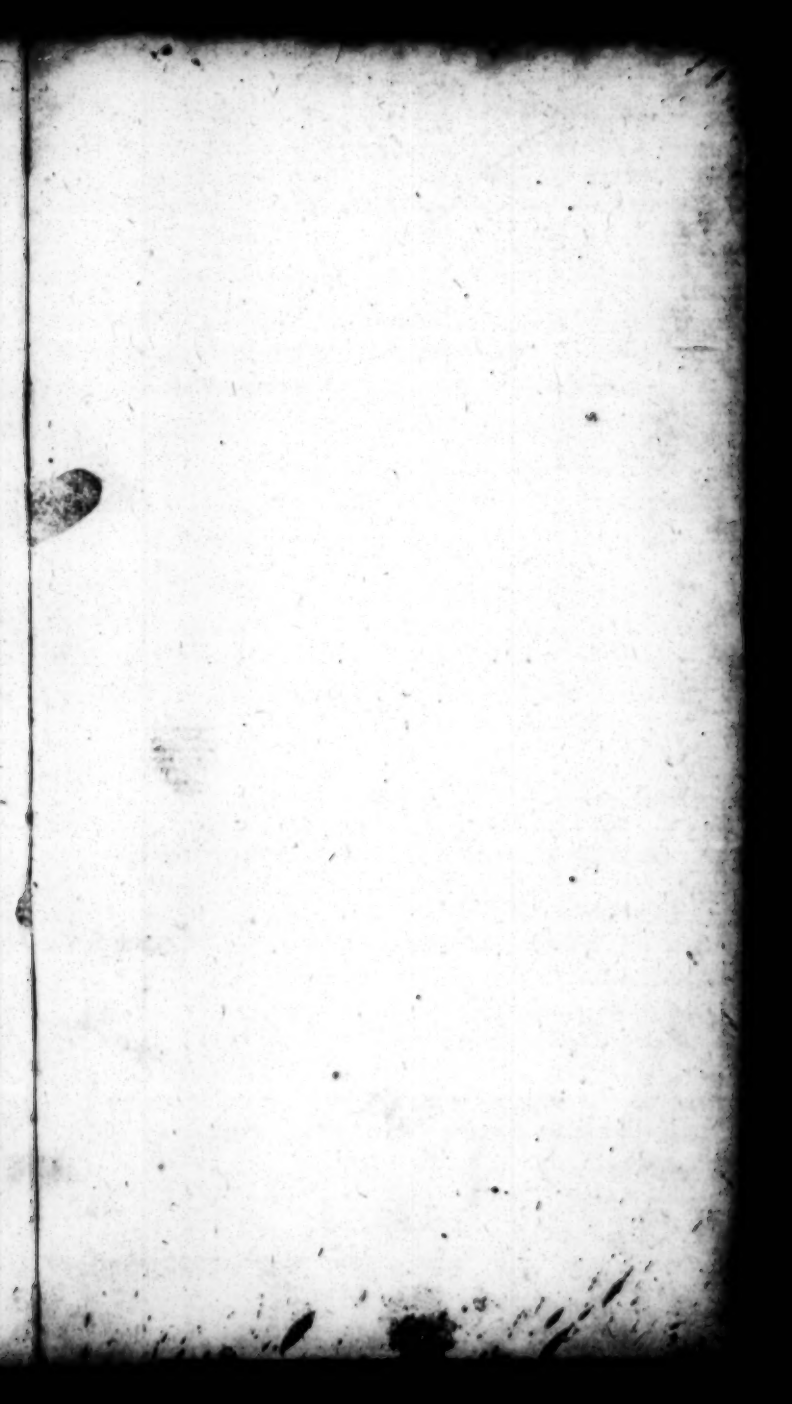
That the Knights of the Garter, Privy Counsellors to the King, the Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Chancellor and under-Treasurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Dutchy, the chief Justice of the Kings Bench, the Master of the Rolls, the chief Justice of the Common-pleas, the chief Baron of the Exchequer and all other the Judges and Barons of the degree of the Coif of the said Courts, shall have place before the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

That Baronets and their heirs Males shall alwaies have place next unto the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and their wives shall take place accordingly.

### And in another Decree, 14 Jacobi.

That the eldest sons of Baronets and their wives as well during their husbands lives, as after; And the daughters of the same Baronets following next after the said wives of the eldest sons of Baronets, shall have place and precedence before the eldest son and the wife of the eldest son of any Knights of what Order soever; And likewise the younger sons of such Baronets and their wives shall take place accordingly before the younger Sons of any Knights, &c.

F. I. N. I. S.





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